

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 14, 1962

TIME

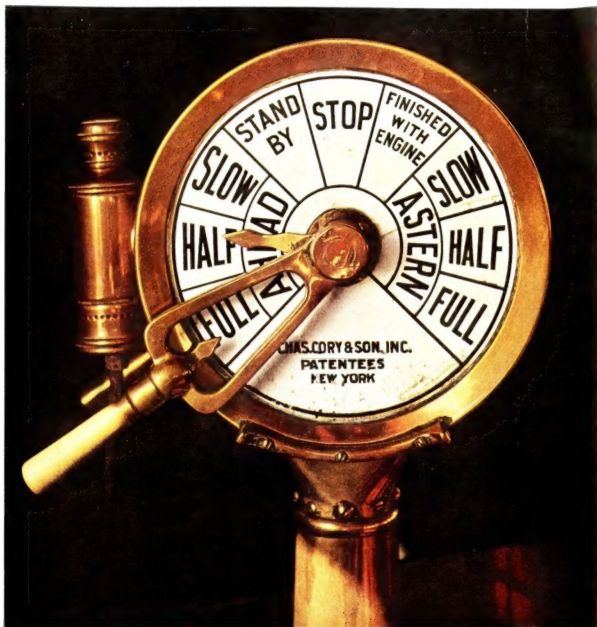
THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



Bernard Safran

SENATOR EVERETT DIRKSEN


VOL. LXXX NO. 11
(RES. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



If your employees have only a vague understanding of what their group insurance and pension plans mean to them, your group plan is operating at half-speed. Your group insurance dollars aren't delivering full value.



RCA VICTOR invites you to compare black and white New Vista TV against all others...anywhere...on any channel!

You be the judge. Choose *any* New Vista TV. Choose *any* channel. Then see for yourself the thrill of the *most powerful, most dependable* TV in RCA Victor history! Note the picture, the crisp contrast, the vividness. Note the station-pulling power of the "New Vista" Tuner. Remember—more people today own RCA Victor than any other kind. Don't spend a penny for *any* TV till you see your RCA Victor dealer and say "Show Me!" 

See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network.



The Most Trusted Name in Television

TIME
September 14, 1962

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Volume LXXX
Number 11

TMS:Sy®



How a lamp buyer can tell the difference

LET GENERAL ELECTRIC PROVE ITS EMPHASIS ON VALUE and you'll see why you get more for your dollar every time you buy a General Electric lamp. Every one of the fluorescent lamps you see on this page can make you more profit from light.

THE NEW F40 gives you more light than any other standard forty-watt fluorescent on the market because inside it the Wattage Miser electrode converts formerly wasted watts to useful light.



THE POWER GROOVE* is the most powerful fluorescent made; it can put more light on an area indoors or outside and cut your costs of installation by reducing the number of fixtures that you need.



THE ALL-WEATHER* is the glass-jacketed fluorescent designed by General Electric engineers for cold weather—it is the only fluorescent that maintains full light output without extra enclosure during zero temperatures.





THE SLIMLINE is a lamp you may already know—because it is the most popular eight-foot fluorescent—and its light output and life ratings were both increased during the past year.



THE HIGH OUTPUT is a better buy than ever, because both its light output and life ratings were increased during the past year, another example of constantly increasing values you get from G-E lamps.



You get extras because of the emphasis General Electric places on all kinds of values—from extra value lamps like those shown here, to extra help in using them, to extra availability through G-E supported stocks in every part of the nation. To learn about these values, call your General Electric distributor or write General Electric, Large Lamp Department C-241, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

* Registered trademark of General Electric Co.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Featured: #5035, Five-eyelet moccasin in Burnished Brown calf. Also #5031 in black. (Bottom left), #5876, Cypress Brown llama calf with hand-stitched moccasin seam. Also #5879 in black. (Bottom right), #5032, Four-eyelet long wing in Burnished Brown calf. Also #5033 in black. Bostonians start at \$70.95. Also makers of Marshfield and Bostonian Boys. Write for the name and address of your nearest Bostonian Dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Massachusetts.



Pounded and pummeled...the secret of "tenderized" leather

Bostonian starts with the youngest calf leather available. It's pounded...pummeled...kneaded...folded...again and again until it feels soft, supple, and ready for your foot to relax in. We do this, and more. Much more!

Bostonian even "tenderizes" the Flexaire soles in a special seasoning

preparation. Then they are rolled and re-rolled (like a baker rolls dough). Result: a finished sole so flexible you can curl it around your hand.

Your feet are treated to extra comfort, too, because every Bostonian

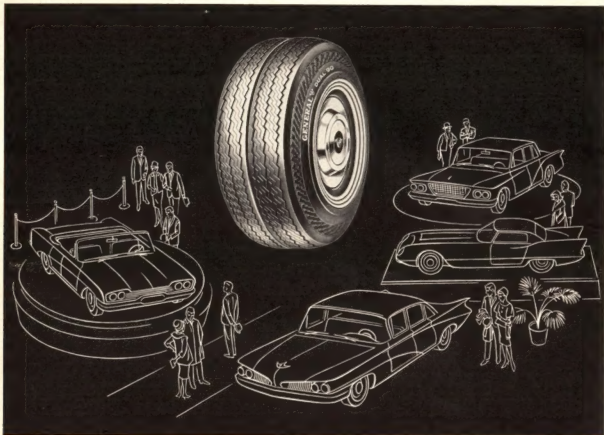
Flexaire has a smooth, heel-to-toe inner layer of foam cushioning.

From the moment you slip on your Flexaires, your feet will know and enjoy the secret of "tenderized" leather. Visit your local Bostonian Dealer...today!

BOSTONIAN FLEXAIRES

Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand





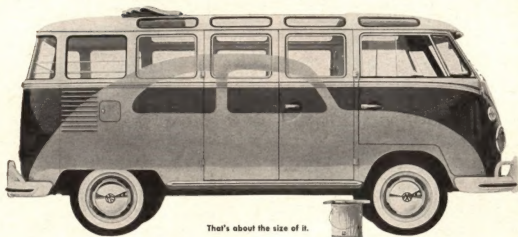
SEALS PUNCTURES INSTANTLY!

The General Dual 90

No other tire is so fine, no other tire is so safe. With General Dual 90s on your beautifully crafted automobile, the chances are that you'll never have to spend a single penny for tire maintenance. See the new 3-ring whitewall General Dual 90.



Ask your automobile or General Tire Dealer about its unequalled performance, its outstanding construction and its full-time, instant puncture sealing. Put General Dual 90s on your automobile for the ultimate in carefree driving pleasure.



That's about the size of it.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon: We don't see it as a long, low car.



We didn't just stretch our sedan.

We've always felt that cars ought to be big inside and small outside. Wagons included.

So we took a long, hard look at other station wagons. And then we decided to design our own.

What we came up with may surprise you.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon is barely 9 inches longer than the regular Volkswagen Sedan. Yet it holds more people and more things than the biggest conventional wagon you can buy.

We did it by putting the engine in the back to eliminate the long hood in front. And by making the car a little higher instead of a lot longer.

Some people think it looks like a box on wheels.

But we think our wagon looks just like what it does, and does just what it's supposed to.

For example, we know that station wagons don't only go to stations. To the supermarket, yes. Trips around town, yes. Schools, picnics, lumberyards, yes.

So we made a middle seat that comes out to let big

things go in. A card table, for instance. With players.

We also felt that a wagon should be as much fun as a convertible. So there's a whopping sunroof to give you your fair share of sky.

More than anything, we felt that one station you'd want to stay away from is the gas station. You can figure on 25 m.p.g. and be within a mile or two.

Oil between changes? Probably never.



It never touches a drop.

The Volkswagen engine is also air-cooled. It never needs water or anti-freeze. And because it's in the back, the traction is terrific for ski trips and beach trips.

Some rainy afternoon, you ought to try designing a station wagon of your own.

See if it doesn't come out looking a little like ours.



The Volkswagen Station Wagon is only this much longer than the Volkswagen Sedan.

Make money on the side.

SIGHTSEEING
TOUR

2 CENTS

SIGHTSEEING
TOUR

2 CENTS

SIGHTSEEING
TOUR

2 CENTS

SIGHTSEEING
TOUR

2 CENTS

SIGHTSEEING
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2 CENTS

SIGHTSEEING
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2 CENTS

SIGHTSEEING
TOUR

2 CENTS

SIGHTSEEING
TOUR

2 CENTS

Car pool ("52 style): 4 bridge players, 1 driver, 1 kibitzer.



TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Gift. A stylistic *tour d'esprit* that is the most original U.S. movie released so far in 1962. Subject: a creative crisis in the life of a middle-aged painter. Director: a 35-year-old commercial artist named Herbert Dansk. Length: 40 minutes. Production cost: \$3,123.17.

Guns of Darkness. Something of a sleeper: a routine south-of-the-border bit that develops into a philosophical thriller of remarkable moral insight.

The Girl with the Golden Eyes. When a rake and a dyke fall in love with the same girl, almost anything can happen, and practically everything does in Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's skillful but vicious version of a tale by Balzac.

Money, Money, Money. Jean Gabin and a gang of French comedians manufacture \$2,000,000 worth of guildens—and that ain't mustard.

The Best of Enemies. War is heck in this comedy of military errors set in Ethiopia and starring David Niven and Alberto Sordi.

War Hunt. War is madness in this tragedy of military stalemate set in Korea and starring John Saxton.

A Matter of WHO. Agent Terry-Thomas of the World Health Organization in a cloak-and-needle WHOdunit about viruses and villains.

Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man. A charming, romantic study of the youthful Hemingway as he saw himself in the Nick Adams stories: a boy who couldn't go places until he had cut the apron strings.

Bird Man of Alcatraz. Burt Lancaster gives his finest performance as a murderer who in prison becomes an ornithologist.

Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave. are off-the-beaten-trail westerns about men who seek the brotherhood of man in the motherhood of nature.

The Concrete Jungle. A sophisticated British thriller in which some of the best lines are written for a saxophone.

The Notorious Landlady. A silly summer shocker with Kim Novak and Jack Lemmon.

Lolita. Read the book instead.

TELEVISION

Wed., Sept. 12

Howard K. Smith: News and Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Guest: Admiral Hyman Rickover, talking about education.

Focus on America (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). The history of San Francisco's Chinatown.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). British Guiana and Cambodia. Repeat.

Thurs., Sept. 13

Our Next Man in Space (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m.). A filmed profile of Astronaut Walter Schirra Jr., who is scheduled to make the next space flight, a six-orbit one.

Fri., Sept. 14

The Story of Will Rogers (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Bob Hope narrates a fine Project 20 program tracing Rogers' career from rodeo to radio. Repeat.

* All times E.D.T.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). First of two programs on the key contests this fall for election and re-election to the House of Representatives.

Sat., Sept. 15

College Football (CBS, 1 p.m. to end). First N.C.A.A. game of the week for this season—the University of Miami v. the University of Pittsburgh.

Sam Benedict (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Premiere of a new series about a trial lawyer, played by Edmond O'Brien.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal, Hildegard Neff, Karl Malden and Stephen McNally in *Diplomatic Courier*.

Sun., Sept. 16

Inside Politics (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). ABC's series on November elections looks at the Massachusetts nepotism involving Candidate Teddy Kennedy.

Adlai Stevenson Reports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

Mon., Sept. 17

It's a Man's World (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Premiere of a new series about four boys who live on a houseboat moored at a river dock in a Midwestern college town.

Saints and Sinners (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Premiere of a new series about a big city newspaper and the drama that goes on in and around its offices. Nick Adams stars as a reporter. Barbara Rush makes occasional special appearances.

The American Cup Race (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The race series begins Sept. 15. This program develops its background, shows films of the elimination races held in August and excerpts from the two races already run by this date between the American twelve-meter yacht *Weatherly* and the Australian sloop *Gretel*.

Stump the Stars (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Premiere of still another TV charade game. Pat Harrington Jr. is the host. Jerry Lewis and Jayne Mansfield are guests.

Tues., Sept. 18

Keefe Brasselle's Variety Gardens (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A special that tries to recreate the flavor of the Gay Nineties in music, comedy, pantomime and miscellaneous vaudeville.

THEATER

The kernels of the 1962-63 Broadway season have been heating up for months now, and next week the corn will start to pop. At the box offices of unopened shows, giddy daredevils are lining up and waving cash. Prudent selectors are still going to the best of the shows that have survived from last season:

Top dramatic playbidding goes to **The Night of the Iguana** and **A Man for All Seasons**. *Iguana* is Tennessee Williams' gentlest play since *The Glass Menagerie*, and the wisest play he has ever written. *Seasons* is a play of wit and probity about a man of wit and probity, Sir Thomas More. Emyln Williams is less effective than Paul Scofield was in the role. **A Thousand Clowns** lives up to its title, and Jason Robards Jr. rings merry changes on

the slightly tired subject of nonconformity. In its second season, **Jean Kerr's Mary, Mary** remains a wisecracking play, and Barbara Bel Geddes is still in it.

A clutch of musicals caters to the best and worst of tastes. The astringent wit of **Abe Burrows** fuses **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying**, and the impish energies of Robert Morse provide the explosive for an evening of delight. Multi-aptituded Zero Mostel brings his masterly clowning to **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**, an uproarious burlesque lewdly adapted from some plays of Plautus.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Birds of Paradise, by Paul Scott. A down-and-out middle-aged man is obsessed by the memory of a summer house full of beautiful, stuffed birds: a symbol of the rich confusion of his childhood in India.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead. In this rich historic tapestry (1791-1962), the author has woven with equal skill the look of the great river itself and the lives of the great figures—rapacious explorers, splendid Mamelukes, the invading Emperor Napoleon—who struggled along its shores.

Big Mac, by Erik Kos. A Yugoslavian social satirist shows how everyone mindlessly gives the praise of a great, useless whale when it is lugged into Belgrade.

Unofficial History, by Field Marshal the Viscount Slim. The briskly written memoirs of a British general who fought in both World Wars and enjoyed many minor skirmishes in between.

The Inheritors, by William Golding. In the dawn of consciousness, the new race, Homo sapiens, exterminates the Neanderthal man, demonstrating the author's point that history moves in blind ways.

Letting Go, by Philip Roth. This overlong but nonetheless impressive novel about young college faculty members shows off the author's remarkable ear for dead-ringer dialogue and his sharp-eye characterization of unhappy people.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. A last, loving look at Yoknapatawpha County, where the violence of earlier novels is replaced by high comedy.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (3)
3. **Deeply Beloved**, Lindbergh (2)
4. **The Reivers**, Faulkner (4)
5. **Another Country**, Baldwin (7)
6. **The Prize**, Wallace (6)
7. **Uhuru**, Ruark (5)
8. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (10)
9. **Letting Go**, Roth (8)
10. **Portrait in Brownstone**, Auchincloss (9)

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (2)
3. **Sex and the Single Girl**, Brown (4)
4. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps**, Hudson (5)
5. **The Guns of August**, Tuchen (3)
6. **Who's in Charge Here?**, Gardner (7)
7. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (8)
8. **One Man's Freedom**, Williams (6)
9. **Veck—**as in **Wreck**, Veck (10)
10. **Men and Decisions**, Strauss (9)

Who needs it

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LT = International
Letter Telegram

The time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is LOCAL TIME at point of destination.

WHO NEEDS TELEGRAMS? NAME A BUSINESSMAN WHO DOESN'T!
CLEAR, CONCISE TELEGRAMS HELP A BUSY MAN ORGANIZE,
GET THINGS DONE ON SCHEDULE. AND, A TELEGRAM IS
CONSIDERATE: NEVER NEEDLESSLY INTERRUPTS WHAT A MAN
IS DOING.

TO BE SURE TO GET ACTION, SEND A TELEGRAM.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

© 1962, Western Union

WESTERN UNION—CREATIVE COMMUNICATIONS: RECORD, FACSIMILE, VOICE/DATA



HOW MANY OF YOUR BUSINESS PROBLEMS ARE REALLY COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEMS?

This man can help you find out!

He's a Bell Telephone Communications Consultant—an analyst, a trouble shooter, a communications expert in every sense of the word.

He studies all kinds of businesses with an eye trained to spot operating problems related to com-

munications. He'll gladly do it for *your* business.

He may find your present communications entirely adequate. Or he may discover that you've *outgrown* your communications—as every growing business does, sooner or later. For example...



He may see a need for faster, more flexible internal communications. New CALL DIRECTOR telephones with Bell intercom have time-saving and cost-cutting push-button features you should know about. Available in 18-button (above) or 30-button models.



You may have an overloaded switchboard that blocks incoming calls, slows outgoing calls. The solution might be a new Bell dial-PBX system with compact, desktop console switchboards like the one above.



He might find that hands-free Speakerphones will give you extra flexibility and freedom of movement.

Whatever your communications problem, your Communications Consultant is uniquely equipped to help you solve it.

Bell System research—largest of its kind in the world—is continually producing newer, faster, more



Perhaps new DATA-PHONE service can give you more efficient handling of payrolls, inventories, sales reports and other business data. It lets you send such data over regular or private telephone lines.



He may find that new automatic dialers can save you time on frequent calls to the same list of numbers.



Perhaps new dial teletypewriter service can help speed your branch-to-headquarters communications.

versatile communications services for businesses like yours.

Have a talk with this man. You'll surely profit from it. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for a Communications Consultant.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Nov. 13, 1927: The Holland Tunnel was opened, connecting New York City and New Jersey.



Were you born in 1927?

Here are figures which spell out how cash-value life insurance will work for you.

Perhaps it's hard to realize, but already you're well along into your thirties. Can you risk waiting any longer to secure your family's future — and your own?

Fortunately, there is one sure way to give your family the financial protection they need and still set money aside for education expenses, emergencies and your own retirement.

That way: cash-value life insurance by New England Life. And one of its greatest advantages is that you can end up taking out more than you put in,

Say you buy a \$15,000 policy now when you're 35. Your family gets that amount of protection. But that's not all. Let's assume you leave your dividends on deposit through the years. (Just for illustration here, we'll apply our new increased dividend scale, although these scales necessarily change from time to time.)

The cash value of your New England Life policy at age 65 is \$14,330. But your premium payments total only \$10,611. This means that all the dollars you put in and \$3,719 more can be yours to use

when you reach retirement.

Whether you were born in 1927 or not, tell us to mail you our booklet, "The Three Dimensions of Life Insurance." It will give you additional facts and figures. Write to Dept. 6T, 501 Boylston St., Boston 17, Massachusetts.



NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PERSONAL, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.



Put your best feet forward

(How to dabble in tour planning and matchless pleasure in South America—both at the same time)

First some questions. Do you have a secret urge to visit the most varied, fascinating, romantic continent on the globe? (Say yes. We're talking about South America.) When you travel, do you prefer to look your Travel Agent in the eye and say "I have X days; whip up something spectacular"? Or do you like to sit down with maps, charts, graphs, etc., and work things out for yourself? If your answer to any (or all) of these questions is yes, join us.

We (Braniff, Eastern & friends)—having introduced one new "thing" this year (Friday Sky Tours)—are now ready with another: Do-It-Yourself or Home-Travel Kits.

We have a brochure that describes 12 different excursions in 10 South American countries. (With other possibilities thrown in, just for fun.) The 12 basic excursions are all, with one exception, either 3 or 4 days—and cost from \$28.45 to \$108, variously. (Some 50 basic prices. All bargains. They include hotels, tours, transportation, tips—but not air fare.)

The excursions center on Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Colombia, Peru, Brazil, Paraguay and

the Lake Districts of Argentina & Chile. (That's our exception: 7 days, \$241.13.)

Now, here's what to do: take the brochure; consider the 12 excursions (and the possibilities); decide which ones fascinate you; add them together, then see us or your Travel Agent.

You're ready to see what interests you most—in the time you have available, at prices you select. You can see why we feel we've created the "Erector Set" of South American travel.

★ ★ ★ ★

And if you're too busy for all this (that may be why you need a vacation), our versatile brochure also describes 2 classic vacations with all the details worked out. 24 days in 7 countries—a mere \$457.75—and 36 days in 9 countries for \$564.75. (Per person, double.) How's that for spectacular? Air fare, alas, is not included.

South America is the up and coming continent—with history, color, vitality, fun, flora, fauna, sport, elegance, art, architecture and scenery to spare. (Braniff-Eastern is the way to get there; Braniff is the way to get around while you're there.)

So your first step is to send in our coupon. Consider, Mull, Add. Then look your Travel Agent in the eye, and tell him to reserve your space with us at once. Or sooner.

BRANIFF
INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
EASTERN
AIR LINES

Please send the brochure on how to

T 9

Design your own SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR

Name

Address

City Zone State

My Travel Agent is

I am ☐ am not ☐ too busy to design my own tour, but send your brochure anyway.

Mail to Tour Dept., Braniff International Airways, Exchange Park, Dallas, Texas



Wow, She's Grown

Now *INGENUE* guarantees 600,000 circulation

Circulation Guarantee

UP 20% in Circulation over rate base of January 1962. From 500,000 to a guarantee of 600,000 effective August. Average Delivery during period of 500,000 guarantee: 503,476.

Advertising Pages

UP 36.2% in Advertising Pages for the first nine months of 1962. Leading the youth market in percentage increase and more to come.

Advertising Revenue

UP 82.1% in Advertising Revenue for the first nine months of 1962. Almost double the same period in 1961.

Ingenue is booming because it reaches the girl others don't get to: the girl willing and eager to buy and try something new. Proof is the strong reader response, and the great success of retail tie-ins. Girls like the fresh new view of Ingenue, and they like to buy what they see there. Maybe the new idea you need is to be seen in Ingenue.

INGENUE—The Magazine for Teen-age Girls, Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17. • YU 6-6300



*Arrive in Europe delightfully
refreshed after 5 relaxing
days on the s.s. United States*



There's nothing hurried about life on the world's fastest ship

The s.s. United States hurries to Europe in 5 days, but *you* can take your time living gracefully. You can rest or play—or chat with interesting, distinguished fellow passengers—many of whom choose this ship again and again. Aboard the world's fastest ship, you are pampered all the way.

s.s. United States regularly includes a week-end in its 5 days to Europe, conserving time for businessmen.

s.s. Amercia Popular, luxurious. Offers two extra days at sea for a more leisurely crossing.

10% round-trip reduction during Thrift Season. Also special 25% reductions on 10-day individual excursion tickets or group travel during Thrift Season in cabin and tourist classes.



The Hon. and Mrs. James Roosevelt enjoying the balmy sea air on the s.s. United States. Congressman from California, Mr. Roosevelt is Sub-Committee Chairman of the Special Labor Committee. The Roosevelts appreciate the typically American traditions of spacious comfort aboard America's largest and fastest ship.



Relaxing in the sea air after mid-morning bouillon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brady of London, England. Mr. Brady is Chairman of the Board of International Mercantile Corporation.

FOR DETAILS, SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

UNITED STATES LINES

United States Lines, Inc., Broadway, N.Y. 4, N.Y. Owner/Operator of the s.s. United States, s.s. Amercia and s.s. Monticelli; fast cargo vessel to Europe, United Kingdom, Far East, Australia.



From a collection made for Bankers Trust Company by Hans Carver-Brown / Magnum

Nor Iron Bars A Cage. With so much money around, a bank has to take reasonable precautions. But at Bankers Trust, one commodity is never kept in cages, or behind the barriers of stuffy convention. That commodity is *ideas*—the most important asset in business banking. At Bankers Trust, we've learned to think freely, imaginatively, and creatively about financial problems. If you have one, bring it here.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY  **NEW YORK**

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LETTERS

Berlin's Wall

Sir: Peter Fochter's unattended death at the Berlin Wall [Aug. 31] should not be held to the account of the American troops there.

In war, soldiers commonly rescue their wounded and dead from exposed positions, often in defiance of orders. But in Berlin a different valor is called for: the courage to obey orders because they are right. When on each soldier's act hangs awesome consequences, he has no right of initiative.

So long as we preserve deep anger that such deaths must happen, we preserve the respect for the individual on which our way of life rests.

G.G.S. MURPHY
Assistant Professor

University of California
Los Angeles

Sir: Glückwünsche for writing such an excellent account of the Wall of Shame. Having visited Berlin during the past month, I can now wholeheartedly agree that the barrier is "unnatural and inhuman." To see the clean, modern and progressive city of West Berlin and, in contrast, the poverty of the Eastern half makes one realize that the benefits of Communism are few.

FAITH EVANS

Western College for Women
Oxford, Ohio

Sir: I never realized the strategic implications of Berlin till I studied Robert M. Chapin's educative diagram. A glance at that map tells more than pages of writing.

BOLAJI OLADIPPO TIKOLO

Federal Science School
Lagos, Nigeria

Sir: The Berlin Wall was conceived from fear and forged out of hate. A monument to slavery and suppression, the ominous wall divides a great city. The Berliners call out for the destruction of this senseless structure. But Robert Frost, in his "Mending Wall," has said it best of all.

Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offense.

THOMAS D. WALTERS
Lieutenant

Fort Bragg, N.C.

► *Poet Frost himself read this poem to a Russian audience in Moscow last week, was greeted with uncomprehending silence.*—Ed.

Aid to Brazil

Sir: You report that Teodoro Moscoso signed an agreement with the governor of the state of Rio Grande do Norte in Brazil "promising an immediate \$10,000,000 in U.S. aid plus enough U.S. technicians to make sure the projects succeed [Aug. 31]."

I believe the promised help was a loan of approximately \$400,000, which would include 120 million cruzeiros for water supply in Natal, 49 million cruzeiros for water-supply services in three small cities, and \$60,000 in technical assistance and equipment for carrying out other small water-supply projects.

The publication of erroneous figures regarding financial help to the people of Brazil has a doubly unfortunate effect: it could raise excessive hopes on the part of the beneficiaries, and it gives the American taxpayer an exaggerated idea as to how much U.S. money is being channeled through the foreign aid program to other countries.

CLEANTHO DE PAIVA LEITE
Executive Director

Inter-American Development Bank
Washington, D.C.

► *TIME erred, based its story on figures from Brazil which proved to have been badly garbled by a faulty telephone connection, regrets any misconception deriving from its far-out statistics.*—Ed.

Laryngeal Cancer

Sir: As a "cut-throat" myself for some five years, I am delighted by your article [Aug. 31] and fully subscribe to its observations on determination and the attitude of family.

There is, however, one statement you make with which I take issue—that one cannot play a wind instrument. I can give a spirited (and recognizable) rendition of *Drink to Me Only on the Tin Whistle*. My encore, Handel's *Scipio*, is not quite so virtuosic.

I did this before an international group of doctors and speech therapists here in London and when I finished, they were speechless. I didn't get any offers from the London Symphony Orchestra, but I got a writup in the speech therapy official journal—having achieved, apparently, something which was thought by most experts to be impossible.

JOHN O'REILLY

London

Sir: As the speech clinician responsible for the post-laryngectomy speech rehabilitation of many patients, I feel that many people who

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Treat your wife to a Delta Jet on your next trip. She'll love you for it, and Delta's hospitality, too. First Class Family Plan is only slightly more than Tourist... but oh, so much more to enjoy.



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Atlanta, Georgia

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the air line with the **BIG JETS**

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Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

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read the article on laryngectomy will believe that swallowing air is the only method of attaining intelligible esophageal speech.

There are several other very important methods of air intake: the suction, breathing or inhalation method, air injection by tongue and related structures, and glossopharyngeal press or plosive-injection method.

MARSHALL J. DUGUAY

Rosewell Park Memorial Institute
Buffalo

Sir:

There is a long and well-documented experience in the use of radiotherapy, where in the earliest stage of laryngeal cancer over 90% of those patients treated are free of disease at the end of five years and beyond. Further, even the surgical treatment of laryngeal cancer is unfairly represented by the 60% control figure which your article mentions. In lesions of limited extent, partial laryngectomy is also able to achieve a control rate of better than 90% with preservation of a good, if not entirely normal voice.

Many early cases of laryngeal cancer can be cured without the necessity for laryngectomy, and with the retention of a more or less normal voice. This observation holds only for the extremely early laryngeal cancers, and should be an incentive for all persons with unexplained hoarseness of more than a few weeks' duration to be examined by a laryngologist without delay.

ROBERT ROBBINS, M.D.

Director, Radiotherapy
Temple University Medical Center
Philadelphia

Sir:

My sincere appreciation for the article about my work that appeared in TIME.

Judging by my mail, there are still many, many laryngectomized patients who do not know that they can speak again. Through your article, hope and encouragement will be given to many more.

Much credit for any of my success should be given first to my surgeon, Dr. Le Roy A. Schall, and then to the many men and women who have had the courage and faith in me to accept whatever little I could offer to them. They are truly the unsung heroes.

(MRS.) MARY A. DOEHLER

Boston

Our Pride

Sir:

In your article on the Kerkrade music festival in The Netherlands [Aug. 24], you failed to note that any U.S. bands were represented.

We in the city of Clifton, N.J., take great pride in one participating group, the Clifton High School Mustang Band, which won first prize in marching competition, second prize in symphonic competition, and missed a clean sweep by only one point.

S. M. LA CORTE

Clifton, N.J.

Teaching the Teacher

Sir:

Before the skies fall in on my head, let me provide the second half of my statements on the summer institutes of the Commission on English [Aug. 11]. Whatever criticism I made of the schools of education was matched by criticism of liberal arts colleges, and all of it related to the training of English teachers only. In the main, schools of education take the profession too seriously and the subject matter not seriously enough; and English departments in liberal arts colleges and in universities have, with few exceptions, preferred to ignore the fact that a large proportion of their English majors are going to teach high-school English right after graduation, and really need to know a great



Dr. Lloyd Reedy is a veterinarian in Dallas and a member of the American Veterinary Medical Association

"Boy, what I didn't know about health insurance!"

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Dr. Reedy talks it over with Al Green.

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deal more than they do about language, about rhetoric, even about critical method in the reading of literary texts.

Also, a matter of protocol: I am a lecturer, not a professor, at Harvard.

HAROLD C. MARTIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

The ordinary high school English teacher is confronted by a television-bred generation to whom reading is associated with chores like dishwashing, with the result that a teacher is grateful to find an adolescent familiar enough with written English to write on an eighth-grade level.

To proofread the 500-word composition of today's high school student with his orally acquired vocabulary and sense of syntax requires 20 to 30 frustrating minutes; to read it for meaning of any kind, other than rudimentary structural coherence, is to undertake a task that itself has no meaning.

JAMES CARSWELL

Livingston, N.J.

Architects' Signatures

Sir:

Your recent article on vacation cabins [Aug. 17] did not give the architects' names.

My own house is so much the expression of an individual talent that publishing it without giving credit to the architect, Serge Chermayeff, is like showing a painting without giving the name of the artist.

KIRK WILKINSON

Wellfleet, Mass.

► Other credits: San Francisco Banker Derek Parmenter's retreat was done by Designer John Carden Campbell, and the glass-walled pavilion near Inverness, Calif., by Francis E. Leighton. Lily Saarinen's Cape Cod cabin is by Olav Hammarstrom, the Pound Ridge home of John Straus by Edward L. Barnes, and Burton Terman's house in Madison, Conn., was converted by Philip C. Johnson.—Ed.

High Standards

Sir:

We are indeed grateful for your very complimentary piece on our Los Angeles Track Club [Aug. 11], and for the fact that the dedicated efforts to raise the standards of distance running in the U.S. to those of the rest of the world are not going unnoticed.

Your kind reference to our coach has given this great man the due he too often is not accorded.

Mihaly (not Mihail) Igloi will become an American citizen this month, and one need only look at his results since coming to our country to see that he has already done a truly great service for his new homeland.

DICK BANK

President

Los Angeles Track Club
Los Angeles

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A beach on Puerto Rico's western shore—great spot for dunking junior executives. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

20 minutes from Puerto Rico's thriving new Foreign Trade Zone

Union Carbide, Sperry Rand, B. F. Goodrich, and 533 other American-owned firms have set up shop on this busy, balmy Caribbean island. Newest incentive is a Foreign Trade Zone where you can manufacture goods—as well as import and export duty-free.

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■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*



New vinyl to build with!

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For years, some of this country's most imaginative architects and contractors have been looking for a new kind of building panel.

They wanted a panel so light and strong they could construct everything from patio walls to whole buildings with it—so versatile they could use it to design things never possible before—tough it could stand up to both weather and fire.

Then along came a new kind of panel.



it's flexible, resists weather and fire.

that met every one of these requirements: a panel made of B.F. Goodrich Chemical Company's Geon vinyl.

New rigid vinyl panels, produced by the Navaco Company of Dallas, are light but surprisingly strong. They're a cinch to install—can be sawed or drilled, and bolted, screwed or nailed onto lightweight frames. They won't crack or fray, mildew or rot. And they're the only kind of weather-resistant plastic panels that also resist fire: they're self-extinguishing.

You can build a whole building with them, even an arched structure where wall and roof are one unit, as in the photo above. You can build it with opaque panels or with translucent panels for more evenly distributed light. You can use this paneling of Geon for a factory skylight, an office partition, a store front, a carport, a chicken house—almost anything your imagination conceives.

A sample and more information about this new paneling is yours for the asking.

And to see how BFG can use a basic material—plastic, rubber, textile, metal, chemical—to help you solve a challenging problem, write President's Office, *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich



Photographed on the Sunlane Route by Tony Venturi

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Bentley M. Over



JAMES WILDE

R EPORTING the news still has its hazards as well as its complications, its *divertissements* and its rewards. Last week TIME Paris Correspondent James Wilde encountered some of the hazards as he covered the fighting between warring factions in Algeria (see THE WORLD). Running into an exchange of small-arms fire on a road near Aumale, southeast of Algiers, Wilde leaped from his car and hit the ditch. Then he reported:

"The road suddenly came alive with soldiers, who rushed over to where I was lying and forced me at gunpoint to get up and walk over to the car (which, as if not inflammable enough, had two spare cans of gas in the back). The soldiers were panic-stricken and hysterical. They ordered me to drive them 'out of this dirty mess.'

"I tried to explain to them that the car would be certain death and that standing there in full view was also ridiculous. At this moment one of them was shot in the leg. Instead of sobering them, this caused more panic. Seven of them packed into the car and forced me to turn around and drive off. As I turned I heard a bullet strike the side of the car. The soldier sitting next to the right-hand rear door groaned, sighed and let his head fall back on the seat.

"About one hundred yards farther on, we came across an ambulance. It stopped and the soldiers got out. The man in the back didn't move. When I tried to open the door I noticed a neatly drilled hole. A bullet had entered his right shoulder, pierced his chest and then his heart. He must have died a few moments after being hit."

"No one would help get his body out of the car. Several came up and just stared. All the clichés came true: the dead man's gun was gripped hard between his hands, and so I had to pry open his fingers one by one. Then the gun was jammed against the car roof. He was terribly heavy, as dead bodies are supposed to be. When I finally managed to drag him out, the road was under fire. The ambulance driver then helped me lift the corpse onto a stretcher and we put it into the ambulance."

WORKING on this week's cover story, Writer Jesse L. Birnbaum and Reporter Neil MacNeil came under a more diverting kind of barrage: they were fired upon with polysyllables. At the end of their first three-hour interview with Senator Everett Dirksen, they had got through the story of just the first 25 years of his life. MacNeil went on with seven more hours of interviewing, and at one point, to check the story that Dirksen keeps his pants pockets full of enough odds and ends to cover a variety-store counter, he asked the Senator to empty the contents on the spot. Dirksen complied: a pocket knife, a St. Christopher medal, an empty leather pillbox, a cold sniffer, an odd-shaped piece of rough jade, a magnifying reading glass, a 1955 medal of the Kewanee. Ill., Masonic Lodge, a silver dollar money clip, two heavily burdened key rings, and a quarter.

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS The Ugly Choice

Since the day that the Bay of Pigs became a synonym for fiasco, U.S. policy toward Cuba has been based on hope—the hope that Castro's Communism would somehow curl up its toes and die. In its



TOJAN SEAHORSE

most positive form, that policy aimed at isolating Cuba, both economically and politically. It did not work—for the simple and foreseeable reason that Nikita Khrushchev did not want it to.

The U.S.S.R. has long propped up Castro's chaotic economy and trickled in military aid. But in late July, the trickle became a torrent; since then, according to U.S. intelligence figures, 61 ships carrying Soviet arms and men have arrived in Cuba or are on the way. The Kennedy Administration said little about the Cuba buildup—until New York Republican Kenneth Keating rose on the Senate floor, outlined what he had heard about the Russian shipments, demanded that the Administration tell the U.S. what was going on. Others took up the cry, and under mounting pressure President Kennedy decided to issue an official statement.

"Whatever Necessary." That statement had a resolute ring. "The Castro regime," said the President, "will not be allowed to export its aggressive purposes by force or the threat of force. It will be prevent-

ed by whatever means may be necessary from taking action against any part of the Western Hemisphere." Those words were echoed by Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Meeting in his office with 19 Latin American envoys, Rusk pledged that the U.S. would use "whatever means may be necessary" to prevent aggression by Cuba.

Yet both Kennedy and Rusk attempted to minimize the Cuba threat, harped on three points as proof that the U.S. should not and cannot intervene directly in Cuba. • There is no evidence, Kennedy insisted, "of any significant offensive capability either in Cuban hands or under Soviet direction and guidance." His argument: the Russian arms, including 25-mile anti-aircraft missiles and torpedo boats with 15-mile guided missiles, are defensive in nature. But the distinction between offensive and defensive weapons is a dangerous one; it all depends on how the weapons are used, whom they are pointed at, and how mobile they are. It is a bitter fact that many tyrants—including Hitler—have built aggressive war machines while claiming to arm only for defense.

• There is also no evidence, Kennedy said, of "any organized combat force in Cuba from any Soviet-bloc country." He stressed that the Russians landing in Cuba are not troops but technicians—and he seemed to take comfort from that fact. But Castro does not need troops; he has all the home-grown gun toters he can use. What he does need, and what he is getting, is the electronics, radar and missile experts so vital to modern warfare.

• The U.S., Kennedy argued, can only deal with Cuba "as a part of the worldwide challenge posed by Communist threats to peace." As explained to congressional leaders at a White House briefing, this means the U.S. should not intervene directly against Cuba because it might inspire Khrushchev to heat up other cold war trouble spots—Berlin, Laos, South Viet Nam. As policy, this thinking amounts to absolute sterility. For, carried to its logical extreme, it would prohibit the U.S. from taking effective action against Communist aggression anywhere.

Open Invitation. The U.S. policy of merely trying to isolate—or contain—Cuba has had dismal results. Castro Communism has not withered away; and it will not so long as Khrushchev, at little cost or risk, can sustain it. The Red military buildup is big (see THE HEMISPHERE). Castro does pose a military threat, if not to the U.S. then to other Latin American nations. More than that, the U.S. failure to move against Castro stands as an open invitation to Latin American adventurers of all political stripes to take over without fear of effective U.S. reaction.

Just 17 months ago, Castro could have been erased by a relatively simple U.S. decision to back the Bay of Pigs invaders with the necessary arms and planes. That time is past; and the choices today are much more difficult. The U.S. could throw a naval blockade around Cuba—at the risk of setting U.S. and Soviet ships to shooting at one another. It could support military action against Cuba by anti-Communist nations in Latin America. Or—and it may come to this—it could get the job done itself, once and for all. For whatever else, the U.S. simply cannot afford to let Cuba survive indefinitely as a Soviet fortress just off its shores and a cancer throughout the hemisphere.

The Small Type

It was great for newspaper street sales—and for exciting everyone who overlooked the smaller type, J.F.K. CALLING 150,000 RESERVES, cried the New York Post. KENNEDY ASKS CRISIS TROOPS, headlined the Chicago American. Actually, all the fuss and fanfare was just



about as misleading as the presidential action itself.

All President Kennedy had done, explained the small type, was to ask Congress for stand-by authority to call up 150,000 members of the Ready Reserve between now and next February—a period in which Congress mainly devoted to adjournment or just getting reorganized. White House aides said that he asked for the power, not in relation to the Communist arms buildup in Cuba, but primarily with Berlin in mind. Pentagon officials stressed that there was, in fact, no plan at all in the works to mobilize the reserves.

The President already possesses full power to order up to 1,000,000 Ready Reservists to duty by declaring a national emergency. His request for legislation thus was made for its psychological and political effect, creating an illusion of action to allay growing criticism of inaction in Cuba. The scare headlines enhanced the illusion—but the Kremlin has a sharp eye for small type and would scarcely be frightened. Moreover, Soviet and Castro propagandists now had a handy new handle to hurl charges of U.S. "warmering."

The Flights Go On

This time the U.S. was ready for the Russian screams before they came. The pilot of a U-2 reconnaissance plane, returning from a mission, reported that his plane had strayed over the fortified Russian island of Sakhalin, off the Siberian coast and reaching down to within 26 miles of Japan. Word was swiftly passed to Washington—and, with the warning in hand, it was barely 3½ hours after the inevitable Russian protest note arrived that the U.S. reply was written, approved by Secretary of State Dean Rusk and President Kennedy, and delivered to Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin.

The Soviet note was accurate right down to the detail that the U-2 had been over Sakhalin for nine minutes. The U.S. reply acknowledged that "an unintentional violation may have taken place." It went on to reaffirm the U.S. ban—set by President Eisenhower after the Francis Gary Powers flight in May 1960 and continued by President Kennedy—against flights over Russian territory.

That ban is real. But it does not prevent high-altitude U.S. reconnaissance planes from flying within peeping distance—generally about 100 miles—of Russian borders. Nor does it include a pledge to refrain from flying over Communist nations other than Russia, including Red China.

The U-2 can reach altitudes over 60,000 ft. with electronic gear to spy out defenses from far away, plus equipment to collect airborne radioactivity from Soviet nuclear tests. But the crowded U-2 carries few sophisticated navigational aids, and, to complicate the pilot's task, the plane, because of its gull-like design, is easily blown off course. These factors forced the Air Force pilot to veer over Sakhalin.

At the time, he was collecting air samples and trying to get an electronic reading on the heavy Soviet defenses on the island.

As a result of the Sakhalin overflight, the U.S. is considering such precautionary steps as increasing the U-2's navigational gear and limiting flights to good weather to avoid chances of error. But there are no plans to ground the U-2 altogether—its probing flights are considered vital to U.S. security.

THE CONGRESS

The King's Bill

By the time the U.S. Senate got through with it, the 1962 tax revision bill was not even a kisser's cousin to what the Kennedy Administration originally asked for. The Senate Finance Committee made precisely 174 changes in it, and most of them were upheld on the Senate floor. Viewing the



FLOOR MANAGER KERR
The man with the most bulls.

aged remnants, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon swallowed bravely, insisted that the bill was still "a significant first step toward the reform of our present outmoded tax laws." But maybe Wisconsin's Democratic Senator William Proxmire put it better. Said he bitterly: "It certainly is not a Kennedy bill. No one could call it a Dillon bill. This is the bill of the distinguished Senator from Oklahoma, the very able uncrowned King of the Senate, Robert S. Kerr."

Snarled Lines. Bob Kerr, second-ranking Democrat on the Finance Committee, took over the floor management of the bill after Chairman Harry Byrd, patriarch of Democratic conservatism, objected to the revenue loss involved in its 7½ income tax credit for industries that invest in new machinery. In eight days of slashing, sarcastic debate, Kerr beat off every

significant attempt to alter the bill. In a hopeless snarl of party lines, such Democratic liberals as Illinois' Paul Douglas, Oregon's Wayne Morse and Tennessee's Albert Gore found themselves arrayed against President Kennedy. Alongside them were Byrd and such steely Republican conservatives as Arizona's Barry Goldwater and Delaware's John Williams.

None of this seemed to bother Kerr. Although he was often irrelevant, he was always interesting. He hemmed through Kipling's *Recessional*, hawed through the parable of the talents—and needed the liberals unmercifully. "I have great affection for the Senator from Tennessee," he cooed at Gore. "He and I have a great deal in common, including bull—that is, Angus bulls." When he successfully escaped from a semantics trap baited by Douglas, the Illinoisian tossed him a barbed Plutarchian salute: "We will meet again at Philippi." Cracked Kerr: "I hope we will meet in Washington before that." Occasionally, Kerr got as good as he gave. When Gore referred to "the liquidity position of the U.S. corporations," Kerr loftily called for a dictionary. Gore politely rephrased it: "Cash position." He said, "Oh," exclaimed multimillionaire Kerr. "I know what that is." "I dare say," purred Gore.

Veto Hint. It was the tax credit that three Democratic liberals together with Republican conservatives against the Administration, Kerr's stand against a move to kill the credit was supported, 52-40, with some vital help from Republican Leader Everett Dirksen (see cover story) who rounded up G.O.P. votes.

Dirksen, who was in the thick of nearly every fight on the bill, almost killed the entire package with his insistence on an amendment to permit self-employed persons to deduct up to \$1,750 of gross income a year for payments to their own retirement pension plans—a proposal Kennedy hinted might bring a veto of the whole bill. To arguments that his provision should be treated separately, Dirksen replied: "If an egg is good, it is good whether it is served up alone or with dozen other eggs; the measure is a good egg." His amendment was tabled, 45-41, but only after he had extracted a promise that it be promptly considered on its own. A modified version passed the Senate the next day. An attempt by liberals to restore the Administration's plan for withholding taxes on interest and dividend payments was beaten badly, 69-20.

After the tax revision bill finally passed, it went to a conference committee that must compromise differences between the Senate version, which the Treasury Department estimates would reduce tax revenues by \$210 million a year, and the House measure, which would increase revenues by \$325 million. The biggest difference between the two bills is that the House version includes dividend and interest withholding.

☛ Kerr has an Angus herd of 7,000, including 350 bulls. Gore has 110 cattle, two bulls.



ON THE STUMP

The Leader (See Cover)

From the ceiling of the Capitol office hangs a magnificent chandelier, circa 1802. Its crystals oscillate freely. They touch and tinkle in a sparkling Mozartian minuet. But hark! Whence comes this counterpoint that shivers the crystals into new and shimmering song? It comes from the man behind the desk—a big-handed, big-boned man with a lined, cornfield face and greying locks that spiral above him like a halo run amok. He speaks, and the words emerge in a soft, sepulchral baritone. They undulate in measured phrases; expire in breathless wisps. He fills his lungs and blows word-rings like smoke. The sentences curl upward. They chase each other around the room in dreamy images of Steamboat Gothic. Now he conjures moods of mirth, now of sorrow. He rolls his bright blue eyes heavenward. In funeral tones, he paraphrases the Bible ("Lord they would stone me . . .") and church bells peal. "Motherhood," he whispers, and grown men weep. "The Flag!" he hughes, and everybody salutes.

No one who has seen and heard this performance will ever forget it. For this is Illinois Republican Everett McKinley Dirksen, 66, minority leader of the U.S. Senate. He is his party's spokesman in the Senate and the man responsible for unifying the often disparate views of G.O.P. members, and for translating those aims into action. As the keystone of the loyal opposition, he must move with a sure political sophistication and a thorough grasp of political events. By dint of these qualities, and abetted by his marvelously furry voice, Dirksen has become one of the truly remarkable characters of the Senate.

True enough, the character has often been caricatured. They call him "Irk some Dirksen," "the Wizard of Ooze," "the Liberator of the Senate," and "Oleaginous Ev." They claim that he was born with a golden thesaurus in his mouth, that he marinates his tonsils in honey. They say that he got his cornball ways from working for the Corn Products Refining Co. plant in Pekin, Ill., his home town, and



CANDIDATE DIRKSEN
Even to opponents, a total pro.

that his felicity for hot air is a result of his stint as a World War I balloonist. They recall that in his prepolitical days, he had a consuming ambition to become an actor—and they argue that he has succeeded superbly. They delight in his adventurous hairdo: "Whatever you want to say about him, he doesn't use that greasy kid stuff." And they point to a political trail that has more twists than that of a palsied sidewinder: the *Chicago Sun-Times* (whose political creature Dirksen is often, and inaccurately, accused of being) once reported that in his 16 years in the House of Representatives, Dirksen changed his mind 62 times on foreign policy matters, 31 times on military affairs and 70 times on agricultural policies.

But most of all, outside the Senate itself, they tend to forget or ignore the fact that Dirksen has become the most effective G.O.P. floor leader in a line of succession that includes Oregon's Charles McNary, Maine's Wallace White, Nebraska's Kenneth Wherry, Ohio's Robert Taft and California's William Knowland.

The Outpouring. Testimonials to the quality of Dirksen's leadership come from both sides of the Senate aisle and



IN SENATE OFFICE
"Lord, they would stone me."



AT LABOR DAY PARADE IN ROCKFORD*

from nearly all factions within both parties. Just recently, Connecticut's middle-riding Republican Senator Prescott Bush, who voted against Dirksen for minority leader four years ago, stood up to speak to the Senate. Bush is retiring from the Senate after this year, and he wanted to pay tribute to Dirksen. "He is," said Bush, "one of the very few men in the Senate who actually make votes when they speak on an important issue . . . When grave national issues are involved, Everett Dirksen is not a partisan." In a flood of oratory, Republican after Republican rose to toss bouquets toward Dirksen. Vermont's George Aiken praised his fairness and courage. California's Thomas Kuchel his unselfishness and erudition. Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper his patriotism. Texas' John Tower his warmth, good humor, good counsel and advice.

It is not after all unprecedented for Republicans to praise a key Republican. But then Democrats—and in an election year at that—followed with an outpouring that climaxed when Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, in terms of glowing rhetoric, managed to out-Dirksen Dirksen. If said Mansfield, he were only possessed of Dirksen's "wit and wisdom," "humor and poetry," "scholarly erudition and homespun simplicity," then would he "unleash them in orchestrated expression of the great affection, respect, admiration and esteem in which I hold the distinguished minority leader. I would weave with words a magic spell over the Senate as he has done so many times. With words I would lift the eyes of the Senators to the mountain peaks and the stars beyond or I would lead them gently down a rustic road in Illinois. With words, I would lay bare the heart of a flower or pry open the fiery core of the atom that the Senate

* At Dirksen's left, Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas.



DIRKSEN & FUTURE WIFE
Who was Sing Loo?

might appreciate the depth and breadth of the Senator from Illinois." Ev might have wished he'd said that.

Unforfeited Faith. The leadership record that tapped that gusher is, by every account, in the finest tradition of the loyal opposition under the two-party system. Under Dirksen, Senate Republicans have worked and voted in a unity unseen in recent years. On issues of national security, Dirksen and his Republicans have gone down the line with President Kennedy. Thus, when Democratic liberals recently filibustered against the Administration's satellite communication bill—on the ground that it was a Government giveaway to private enterprise—Dirksen rounded up the Republican votes necessary to invoke cloture. "There were," he says, "questions of national security as well as the progress being made by the Soviet Union. Quite aside from the basic problem of space communication, other appeals could be made. I used them as effectively as I could." Again, during the heated debate about the U.S. purchase of United Nations bonds, Dirksen stood with the President. "We had some faith in Dwight Eisenhower," he cried. "And I have not forfeited my faith in John Fitzgerald Kennedy. I am willing always to trust the President, because I think he has a sense of responsibility."

On domestic issues, Dirksen has skillfully and successfully opposed the President whenever Kennedy played obvious partisan politics. Prime examples were the Republican votes that defeated Kennedy's medicare program and the Administration attempt to set up a Cabinet-level Department of Urban Affairs (which was to be headed by a Negro). Democrat Kennedy is fond of blaming Republicans for the failures of the New Frontier's programs in the current Congress. But there is another side to that coin. It has been only with Republican votes that the Ad-

ministration has achieved any wins at all. The most recent instance was Kennedy's proposal to give a tax credit to businesses investing in new machinery. House Republicans had voted to a man against the idea. But Dirksen thought the plan was a good one. He made the rounds of the Senate's Republicans. "I need your vote," he told them. "Can you help me?" They could, and did—and the provision passed.

All this poses a problem to President Kennedy. He well knows how much help he has received from Dirksen. But Dirksen is running for re-election this year against Chicago's Democratic Representative Sidney Yates, a devoted Kennedy follower. Kennedy has promised to campaign in Illinois for Yates. Yet his heart can hardly be in it. Says one top Administration Democrat: "I like Sid Yates. But my party would be in a hell of a mess—Kennedy would be in a hell of a mess—if Dirksen got defeated."

Plainly, despite all the gibes that have been thrown his way, there is something special about Dirksen. Says a White House staffer: "Who could dislike Dirksen? He gets his arm around your shoulder and, well, he's a total pro. Able, cute and clever." He is also—as a result of his midlands upbringing in a plain, small town—trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. And when he traces his beginnings, as did Lincoln, in "the short and simple annals of the poor," those homely virtues take on a fresh meaning.

Beantown. His parents were German immigrants who, shortly after the U.S. Civil War, settled in the town of Pekin, on the Illinois River. The place had been known as Townsite. When the citizens could not agree on a new name, they asked the wife of a local army major to make the choice. She took a map, traced her finger along between the 40th and 41st parallels till she came to a likely name. It was Peking, China. Translated to Pekin, it calls itself "the Celestial City," sports a Chinese dragon in its parades. The high school football team is dubbed, naturally, "the Chinks."

Dirksen's father, like most folks in those parts, was a Republican through and through. He proved it by naming his first-born son Benjamin Harrison; when his wife gave him twins, he seconded the motion by naming them Everett McKinley and Thomas Reed (after the then Speaker of the House). Father Dirksen died when Everett was nine. He had made a good living painting fancywork on carriages and buggies. But he left little. The family lived in the section called "Beantown," where thrifty immigrants grew beans instead of flowers. Dirksen's mother, a hardy woman who had helped build the wood-frame Second Reformed (Calvinist) Church with her own hands, set her boys to work. On their 1½ acres, they grew berries, lettuce, radishes, turnips and onions. They had cows, hogs, chickens and 15 stands of bees. Ev delivered milk to customers, sold eggs and

vegetables. "There was a certain ruggedness about life," he recalls. "And a certain ruggedness in living that life." There was church on Sundays, followed by Sunday school, followed by a meeting of the young people's Christian Endeavor (a Bible group that elected Ev president year after year), and in the evening another church service. At home, says Dirksen, "there was the Big Book on the parlor table. And you opened the Big Book in those days."

In the Barn. Pekin, the home of Bird Farm Sausage, Bourbon Supreme and Old's Duck Calls, was a pleasant place for boys. They played "stink base," "run, sheep, run," football and marbles, fished for crappies and perch in the river. The block on which the Dirksen house stood was rimmed with bushy maple trees, and Tom Dirksen recalls that "you could climb up in one tree and go all the way around the block without touching the ground, climbing from tree to tree." But Everett didn't go in too much for that sort of amusement. Says Tom, a retired employee of the local power plant: "His idea of fun came when it rained. Then he could go back out to the barn, nail a sort of platform out of some old boards, usually using nails twice too big. Then he would get up and start speaking. Preaching to himself, that's what he did." When the kids on the corner had an argument, Everett "would use words that had the other boys shaking their heads. They'd tell him, 'You don't even know what those big words mean.' But he did. He had ambitions from a youngster on. Play and pleasure, that was secondary to him."

Brothers Ben and Tom dropped out of high school ("We foolishly thought it was more important to smoke cornob pipes and carry dinner buckets," says Ben, who is now a retired warehouse employee) but Ev stayed on. He played center for the Chinks and made the track team and the



DIRKSEN & BROTHER
Which twin has the telephone?

dehaling team, but devoted the rest of his time to earnest study. "I was frightened to death to even ask a girl for a date," he says. "I had to walk around the lake a couple of times to get up the nerve."

Lump Jaw & Stringhalt. For a while, Dirksen worked at assorted jobs in the corn-refining plant, dutifully turned his \$55 a month over to his mother. In 1914 he enrolled at the University of Minnesota, worked nights as an ad taker for the *Minneapolis Tribune*. One summer he wandered through South Dakota selling farmers a home-remedy book with cures for lump jaw and scabies in cattle, stringhalt in horses.

In 1917 he quit school, joined the Army, shipped to France in May 1918, and was sent to artillery school. Soon 2nd Lieut. Dirksen was manning a tethered balloon 3,500 ft. above the lines, spotting artillery targets and sweating out German fighters. He got out without a scratch, was discharged late in 1919. The fighting he had seen gave him a thorough distaste for war and increased his native "instinct against killing." Says he: "I decided I was going to devote my life to doing something about this insane war business."

Chinese Love. He had saved some money, but decided against going back to law school in Minnesota. Instead he invested in a newfangled electric washing machine, but that enterprise failed. Finally, Dirksen joined his brothers in a wholesale bakery. Ev helped bake pies, rolls and bread, made the deliveries. He got up each morning at 5:30—and he still does.

But all the while, the poet was bugging the baker boy. Dirksen wrote scores of short stories, all of which were rejected by publishers. He had better luck in collaboration with an old schoolmate named Hubert Ropp. The two produced community plays, most of which hoisted Chinese themes. Their triumph was an original composition called *Chinese Love* which Ropp plotted and Dirksen wrote. Set in San Francisco's Chinatown, filled with teary sentimentality and stilted language, it was a big hit, and the team sold it to a publisher (for \$150 apiece). Dirksen directed the Pekin production of the play, which tells of Sing Loo, the unrequited lover, who aches for the blossom of his eye, Pan Toy. The plot: Sing Loo meets Pan Toy. Sing Loo loses Pan Toy. Sing Loo gets Pan Toy. And when he does:

Sing Loo: My Cherry Blossom, look you yonder. The sun rises like a fiery ball to bathe the world in splendor. But one rival has he for splendor, and that is my Pan Toy . . . Know you, my Blossom, what the lover calls his love here in America?

Pan Toy: I yearn to know, august and exalted lover.

Sing Loo: They say "sweetheart" . . . And do you know what the lover expects from his love in that golden moment when they are betrothed?

Pan Toy: I do not know.

Sing Loo: Shall I show you?

Pan Toy: Is it dangerous?

Princess & Politics. Dirksen and Ropp produced two other notable theatricals. One was a one-act allegory called *The Slave with Two Faces*, in which Ev cavorted on stage wearing a ram's-head mask, black socks, short black tights and nothing else. "I remember thinking," recalls one witness, "that the party lines would be buzzing tomorrow." The other was Percy MacKaye's *A Thousand Years Ago*, in which Ev played a pulsating lover panting after the charms of the Princess of Pekin. He won her, of course—and he kept her, for the "princess" was played by a girl named Louella Carver, who became Dirksen's real-life bride in 1927.

Fortunately for the Republican Party—not to say Broadway—Dirksen's strict, God-fearing mother did not take kindly

to the idea of her son becoming a professional actor. Dirksen therefore hitched his wagon to a political star. He announced for city finance commissioner in 1926 and won. Four years later, he decided to run against Peoria's incumbent Republican Congressman, William E. Hull. One key issue: the importation to the U.S. of blackstrap molasses, a vital question for Pekin's corn-processing and distillery businesses. Ev lost, but on the day after election he began campaigning for the 1932 primaries. He castigated Hull for voting for a bill that would have strengthened the enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment. In whisky-making places like Peoria and Pekin, Hull was finished, and Dirksen won.

In the general campaign of November,

A DIRKSEN SPEECH SAMPLER

Just before a Senate adjournment:

The moving finger writes, and the fortuities of politics will probably result in change of some faces when we return in January . . . Old faces go and new faces come, but somehow, like Tennyson's brook, the free Republic continues to go on with vitality, vigor and an energized faith, as it moves to newer heights and newer achievements for its people in the great moral climate of freedom . . . So an *exile*. We shall see you on the home diamond somewhere; and when it is all over, all the healing waters will somehow close over our dissidence, and we shall go forward as a solid phalanx once more.

On Senate stalling against a civil rights bill: I remember the old ditty: "The King of France with 20,000 men / Went up the hill, and then came down again." I have marched up the hill many times; I have marched down. God willing, if I am alive long enough, I suppose I will march up the hill again and march back down again. But when I reach the bottom of the hill, I will still be looking at the summit to see where I rightfully belong . . . One becomes weary in well-doing. The fire bell rang at 2 o'clock in the morning, 4 o'clock, 6 o'clock, midnight and 10 o'clock. While I was trying to woo Morpheus, suddenly that awful clang occurred, and I thought, "Goodness, who wants to go through all this again?" I do not want to go through it again. Why not take up the bill?

On Abraham Lincoln: In the American tradition, shining majestically, there are the Pilgrims and pioneers, Valley Forge and Gettysburg, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. In it, looming large, are William Penn and Daniel Boone, Washington and Paine, Zenger and Marshall, Jefferson and Jackson. In it are faith and hope, tears and laughter. And high in our tradition stands Abraham Lincoln. Can he be explained in any other way than that he was an

instrument of divine destiny? History is but the enfoldment of a divine pattern . . . If not this, it can only be materialistic drift. If there be a creative hand behind this universe, there must be a creative hand in its unfoldment and direction. Everything in it—sun, moon, stars, planets, their distances, the calibration so that people will neither freeze nor scorch to death, the procession of the seasons, man's subsistence—all rise to testify to the amazing adjustments in the universe to preserve life. And surely the creative force would not provide it all in such meticulous detail and then ignore its ultimate destiny.

On Ireland: Good old Ireland! I have tried to hold up the flag for Ireland. I introduced a resolution to try to memorialize the whole wide world, if that could be done, to compel Great Britain to give to Ireland her undivided freedom. That is the way I feel. I take my freedom straight. I am like little Johnny. His teacher asked him, "How do you spell straight?" He said, "S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T." The teacher then asked, "What does it mean?" He said, "Without ginger ale." That is the way I take my freedom. I take it without ginger ale. I take it straight. So I am for the Irish people, who want their united freedom.

On flowers: Let us consider the gentle, multicolored pansies. They can be planted in the winter; and when spring comes, after the winter has ended, we find them with their beautiful dainty heads, helping to beautify the world. Then there is the daffodil, a hardy flower. I remember the little ode by Wordsworth: "Ten thousand saw I at a glance, / Tossing their heads in sprightly dance." The dahlias always entrance the eye; but one must be careful lest the tiny shoots of the dahlias come up before the frost ends, in which case it is necessary to do the work all over again. Then there is the gentle petunia . . .

he "had no stomach for hurling real or fancied charges against the Democrats," and no particular desire to laud Herbert Hoover either. Instead, he praised the memory of Woodrow Wilson, argued for economic reform, and won by 23,000 votes against a Roosevelt landslide.

In Washington, Dirksen spent his evenings at law school, and after one or two tries passed the bar. In the House, he took Republican Whip Joe Martin's advice, kept his nose clean and worked hard. Though he counted himself a conservative, a protectionist and an isolationist, he hewed to no strict party line, voted "aye" on a number of F.D.R.'s New Deal programs. He voted against both Lend-Lease and extending the draft, but he changed his mind in September 1941, when he exhorted the Congress to show a "unity of purpose" behind the President. To disavow or oppose F.D.R.'s policies now, cried Dirksen, "could only weaken the President's position, impair our prestige and imperil the nation." He foresaw even then the need for some kind of post-war rehabilitation program, and years later, when the Marshall Plan and other aid proposals were submitted to the Hill, Dirksen supported them strongly.

Big Doctor. Then one morning in 1947, at the age of 51, Dirksen's booming political career suddenly quieted. He awoke with "cobwebs" before him, and they would not be brushed away. Doctors called it choreoretinitis—inflammation in the retina of his right eye. Medication did little good, and one physician recommended removal of the eye. Dirksen decided to seek further consultations at Johns Hopkins Hospital. On the train, Dirksen recalls, "I got down on my knees and uttered my prayers, whether blindness would be my lot." At Johns Hopkins, the specialist also urged removal.

"I guess not," said Dirksen, "I found the answer before I came here."

"Whom did you see?" the doctor asked.

Replied Ev: "I called on the Big Doctor. The Big Doctor Upstairs—and the answer is no."

Dirksen kept his eye, but he needed careful treatment and plenty of rest, requiring him to retire from the House. On the eve of his departure, his colleagues—Republicans and Democrats alike—bade him the fondest sort of farewell. Declared Sam Rayburn, then the Democratic floor leader: "If they are going to send Republicans to Congress, let them send Republicans of the Everett Eisenhower kind."

Little did Rayburn realize how that wish would be fulfilled. Two years later, in 1950, Dirksen, rested and mostly recovered (today his left eye tests 20/20, the right eye 20/40), got himself elected to the Senate by beating Majority Leader Scott Lucas; during his campaign he widely quoted all the nice things Rayburn and other Democrats had said about him.

In his early Senate years, Dirksen was a down-the-line conservative. Where once he had given his best support to the Marshall Plan, he now attacked it as "Operation Rathole." He fought the Truman program, championed Bob Taft against Dwight Eisenhower for the presi-



ICAN NATIONAL CO

PETER STECKPOOL—AP/WIDE

DIRKSEN AT 1952 CONVENTION
You took us down the path to defeat."

dential nomination in 1952. In a chilling, unforgettable speech at the Chicago convention, he urged that a pro-Taft delegation from Georgia be seated. Before millions of televisioners, he turned to the New York delegation, led by Ikeman Tom Dewey, and cried: "When my friend Tom Dewey was the candidate in 1944 and 1948, I tried to be one of his best campaigners, and you ask him whether or not I didn't go into 18 states one year and 23 states the next. Re-examine your hearts before you take this action [voting against the Taft delegation], because"—and here Dirksen dramatically crooked a finger straight at Dewey's frozen face—"we followed you before and you took us down the path to defeat!"

The hall c...ded in cheers and boos.



DEMOCRATIC RIVAL YATES
His record is coming out."

And when the tremendous uproar died away, Dirksen turned his bland face once more to the hall and said with majestic aplomb: "I assure you that I didn't mean to create a controversy."

Hail to the Chief. Eisenhower's victory did not instantly convert Dirksen. Time and again he voted to slash Ike's appropriations requests for foreign aid. During the time that Joe McCarthy was riding high, Dirksen was one of his strongest defenders. Finally, when the Senate approached a vote on McCarthy's censure, Dirksen fought desperately against the move, flooded the Senate chamber with images of Christmas charity and brotherly love.

But Dirksen is a creature of change, and proud of it. "Change," he says, "is an inherent way of life." So, during Ike's second term, he became a loyal Eisenhower follower. It was with Ike's blessing that Dirksen was elected Republican Senate leader in 1959. Dirksen called Eisenhower "the Chief" and took pride in the fact that he "carried the flag" for the President. When there was a fight impending in the Senate, Dirksen shouldered his burden with the cry "Chief, give me that hot poker!" Ike loved it.

There is nothing very mysterious about Dirksen's methods as leader. Sitting across the aisle from him when he took over was Democrat Lyndon Johnson, one of the most talented leaders in Senate history. Dirksen watched Johnson and learned from him. But where Johnson often scraped off some hide when he was trying to smooth Senate fur, Dirksen's techniques are gentler. Says he: "The longer one is identified with public life, especially at the national level, the more one is persuaded, as an ancient philosopher said, that politics is the art of the possible." In dealing with Senators of different philosophies, Dirksen simply sets out to satisfy. "What you do," he explains, "is to see how much common ground there is on which every member of the party can stand. You note what the differences might be. When that's been done, then you try to close the gap, and this is different with every situation that arises."

E for Effort. None of this is as easy as it sounds. "Votes," says Dirksen, "don't flutter down like handbills from an airplane. They don't shake off a tree. Effort still counts around here." As for effort, Dirksen gives it all he has got—and he is one of the Senate's most prodigious workers. Before dawn each morning he is at his desk in his small Washington apartment. At 8:30 he sets out in the chauffeured Cadillac that is the prerogative of his leadership office. He also rates a telephone in the car,* but has had it removed

© An apocryphal story describes Dirksen on the day that he got his official car-phone. Eager to show Democrat Lyndon Johnson that he too rated such privileges, Dirksen phoned Lyndon as they were both being driven from the Hill to their homes. "Hello, Lyndon," he said. "This is Everett, I'm calling you from my limousine with my new phone." There was a split-second pause. "Wait a minute, Everett," said Lyndon. "My other phone is ringing."

so as not to be interrupted in the reading that occupies him all the way to the Hill. His only respite comes on the increasingly rare occasions when he and his wife slip away to the Leesburg, Va., countryside, where they have built a small home on 3½ acres. There Dirksen indulges in his hobby of raising a variety of fruits, vegetables and flowers. It's all part of a process he calls "system repair . . . It freshens you up for the combat of the next week."

All Wet. To continue in this life that he loves, Dirksen must win re-election in November. This may not be easy. For while Dirksen's Senate duties have kept him pretty much in Washington, Democrat Yates has been campaigning hard in Illinois. Last week he invaded Dirksen's own Pekin, plastering the Senator for "voting one way in Washington" and "talking another way in Illinois." Dirksen may use his flowing phrases, says Yates, "his soothing, oozy, syrupy words; but his record is coming out, and I'm going to let it come out." Candidate Yates charges that Dirksen "sabotaged" the drug bill, and "then the outcry over thalidomide changed his mind," that he voted against minimum-wage legislation, the area-redevelopment bill, the housing bill, federal aid to education, and rural electrification.

On weekends during the campaign, Dirksen tries to get home. Lugging his huge briefcase (loaded, it weighs 35 lbs.—more than the valise with his clothing) aboard the plane, he studies as he flies. But the minute he touches foot on Illinois soil, he shows that he has not lost his old touch. In Deerfield, a rainstorm scattered his audience. "Just a minute, folks," he commanded. "If I can stand up here and get wet talking, you can stay here and get wet listening. I've got another speech to make this afternoon, and my suit is going to be soggy and wet on that long plane ride back to Washington tonight." The folks returned to hear more. In a speech on Labor Day, he was at his evocative best. The morning rain, he whispered, had given way to the midday sunshine and the evening starlight because—well, because Fortune smiled on him and on the people of Illinois, and besides it was—the voice rose beatifically—Labor Day in America.

However much he may cooperate with President Kennedy when in Washington, when he gets back home he leaves no doubt about whose side he is on. The President, he charges, is "taking the country downhill," has failed in five areas: peace ("There was no Wall under President Eisenhower"), prestige ("an all-time low"), progress ("progress all right—but in the wrong direction"), party support ("On the satellite bill, nobody from the President's own party would stand up and defend him"), and purpose ("Democrats are hungry for power to fasten more control on farmers and businessmen").

The Challenge. Everett Dirksen was once a man of vaulting ambition. He campaigned seriously for the Republican nomination for President in 1944. He badly wanted to be Taft's vice-

presidential running mate in 1952. Now he is happy where he is, and has a deep sense of fulfillment. "Life," he muses, "is a matter of development or decay. You either grow or you regress. There's no standing still. You go backward or forward. The challenge will make you grow, if you are willing to assert a leadership and look on the challenge as something to be met and disposed of." Dirksen looks upon Election Year 1962 as another one of those challenges—to be met and disposed of.

AMERICANS ABROAD On the Road

Was anybody still home tending the shop? Among American officials abroad last week:

► General Maxwell Taylor, in the Far East on a fact-finding tour before settling



UDALL IN MOSCOW

Inspecting the dams and the dames.

down to his new job as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, received South Korea's 30-jewelled Order of Service Merit for his leadership of the U.S. Eighth Army during the Korean War. Taylor later flew into Taiwan for weekend talks with Chiang Kai-shek.

► Vice President Lyndon Johnson, in Italy to complete his 17-day, six-nation tour of the Middle East and Europe, was treated to a huge ovation in Naples. "Viva Johnson! Viva America!" cried the throngs. "Viva Napoli!" bellowed the Vice President. When he discovered a group of Italians about to emigrate to the U.S., Johnson hustled some future Democratic votes by observing that President Kennedy had recently named Anthony Celebrezze, who was born about 90 miles from Naples, as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Later, at a private audience in the Vatican, Johnson presented a model Telstar satellite to Pope John XXIII. Johnson and the Pope, both voluble men, talked for 40 minutes, double the scheduled length of the audience.

► Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall, in the Soviet Union to inspect hydroelectric facilities, hit it off famously with the Russian officials. Declared one: "We have

known you literally only a few hours, but you have become dear to us." Udall even managed to persuade some Russians to play touch football in the shadow of one mighty Soviet dam, then threw a pass for the game's only touchdown. After swimming and dining with Khrushchev, Udall said that the Russian Premier had challenged the U.S. to an "energy race." Accompanying Udall to Russia was Poet Robert Frost, 88, whom the Secretary had adopted as his seer ("Udall is poetry-struck," says Frost). Frost chatted with schoolchildren, appeared on TV, talked poetry into the night with young Russians at a café while a jazz trio blared away. When Frost suffered a stomach upset, Khrushchev sent over two doctors, then came himself for an hour-long discussion of U.S.-Soviet rivalry in the years to come. Khrushchev told Frost: "We've seen the last war we're going to see."



POWELL & WIFE IN PUERTO RICO

Frost called Khrushchev "a kind of ruf-fian," but, said the poet, "He's our enemy, but he's a great man. He's not a coward. He's not afraid of us, and we're not afraid of him."

► Harlem's Democratic Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., 53, was in Europe ostensibly to study equality of opportunity for Continental women. He had in tow a couple of shapely technical advisers: Corrine Huff, a former Miss U.S.A. contestant (36-24-36) and a \$5,014 receptionist in his office, and Mrs. Tamara J. Wall, a divorcee, who is a \$9,000 staffer on his House Education and Labor Committee. In Paris, Powell established his research headquarters at the fashionable Crillon hotel. In Greece, the Powell party enjoyed swimming and nightclubbing at a luxury seaside resort near Athens. As U.S. criticism of his jaunty junket mounted, Powell declared in Madrid that what he was really studying was the Common Market. Then Powell, who has one of the worse attendance records on Capitol Hill, cut his trip short and flew to Puerto Rico, where he was greeted with a kiss and a hug by his wife—who happens to be on his House office payroll at \$12,974 as a secretary.

COMMUNISTS

The Desperate Spy

It was hard not to admire Communist Spy Robert Soblen: for almost three months, by hook, crook and desperate deed, he had mocked the laws and made monkeys out of the lawmen of three anti-Communist nations. Last week he spectacularly did it again.

Through a morning drizzle, an ambulance was carrying Soblen—who is supposed to be mortally ill of leukemia—from Brixton Prison to London Airport. There he was to be put aboard a Pan American jet to New York; once in the U.S., he would at last begin serving the life sentence he got for turning national secrets over to the Soviets. But the ambulance never got to the plane: Soblen had swallowed a great wallop of barbiturates and collapsed on the way. Unconscious, he was rushed to Hillingdon Hospital—and his enforced return to the U.S. was off again. The delay was only the latest of Soblen's ingenious, utterly determined efforts to thwart U.S. justice.

Massive Tangle. The first took place last June, just three days before he was to enter prison. Soblen made his way to Idlewild Airport, boarded a plane and, using a dead brother's Canadian passport, flew to Israel. He was arrested in Tel Aviv for entering the country illegally, expelled from Israel without a court hearing, and huddled aboard an El Al jet to New York via London. Just before the jet touched down at London Airport, Soblen stabbed himself in the wrist and stomach; on landing, he was hurried off to nearby Hillingdon Hospital for emergency treatment.

There ensued a massive international legal tangle. In Israel, Soblen's lawyers challenged the legality of his expulsion, later applied in his behalf for a visa under the "law of return," which gives every Jew the right to enter Israel as an immigrant; both moves failed. In Britain, Soblen put in for a writ of habeas corpus and requested political asylum; after a jumble of unsuccessful appeals, and after the Israeli government-controlled El Al airline refused to fly him to the U.S., the Home Office ordered him deported. Soblen appealed that order through the courts, got nowhere. Finally he sent a 20-page personal plea to Home Secretary Henry Brooke. After "careful consideration," Brooke stuck to his guns and refused to cancel the order. But each legal defeat brought a new wave of British sympathy for Soblen, described last week by the *Daily Mirror's* Cassandra as "this wretched man." Cheered the *Daily Mail*: "The Soblen story is that of one sick man against the world—and so far he has beaten the world. Mr. Brooke has been running about to please the American government, with the result that he finds Soblen still on his back."

Next Boot? Last weekend, after gulping down his supply of barbiturates, Soblen was pronounced in grave condition by British physicians. The British Home Office was in a furor trying to figure

out just how Soblen had managed to accumulate his massive dose—and to consume it while presumably under heavy guard. In any event, when and if Soblen does get back to the U.S., authorities had better be sure he not just walk off one day and board the next slow boat to Red China.

OREGON

The Low-Key Campaigner

Oregon's Republican Governor Mark Hatfield, 40, left Salem at 6 a.m., drove to Portland for a quick speech to railway workers. Then he was off for a 351-mile drive to Baker (pop. 9,986), in sparsely settled, heavily Democratic eastern Oregon, for a typical round of small-town campaigning—an inspirational speech on



GOVERNOR HATFIELD IN ACTION
Pleasing the public.

civic virtue to the local high school assembly, a hands-haking tour of an industrial plant ("Hatfield's the name, nice to see you again"), a visit with the editor of the local weekly, a talk to the Powder River Sportsmen's Club. It was all very low-key—but then, even in a state where registered Democrats outnumber Republicans by some 75,000, Hatfield can afford to be low-key. Up for re-election this year, he is about as good a bet to win as exists in any two-party state in the nation.

Boosting the Economy. A darkly handsome man, Hatfield won national headlines in 1958—a Democratic year—with an upset victory over Incumbent Democrat Robert D. Holmes. Since then he has carefully husbanded his popularity, avoided controversy, concentrated instead in souping up the state's economy. In the last two years, 100 new industries employing 10,000 workers have come into Oregon; in just two months this summer, \$550 million worth of new commercial construction got under way. Hatfield is

also a guiding force behind a \$10 million private effort to bring research organizations into the state.

Meanwhile, Hatfield has enlisted some labor support by opposing right-to-work legislation and a move to transfer the state insurance compensation program to private operation. As a result, the state A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive committee voted to endorse him this year; though the normally pro-Democratic A.F.L.-C.I.O. state convention decided to make no endorsement, Hatfield regards the standoff as a "moral victory."

Inevitably, not everything has come up aces for Hatfield. The Democratic-controlled state legislature turned down a "power grab" his proposal to reform Oregon's unwieldy state constitution by increasing the Governor's powers. And he has admittedly failed to breathe new life into a moribund Republican Party organization. "I haven't been able to please the old pros, and I've just about given up trying," he says. "I do not control the party, nor do I have any desire to."

Prospect for No. 2. Opposing him this fall is Democratic Attorney General Robert V. Thornton, 52, an energetic campaigner who has taunted Hatfield with trying to please everybody. The charge is accurate enough; Thornton's problem is that Hatfield has to a remarkable extent succeeded. Two years ago, before New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller's presidential candidacy became a dead letter, there was talk of a Rockefeller-Hatfield national ticket. If Hatfield is solidly re-elected this year, and if Rockefeller or another Eastern Republican heads the G.O.P. ticket in 1964 Hatfield might well be a top prospect for the No. 2 spot.

MONTANA

No, Thank You

For a state governor, there can be few juicier plums than a massive, federally financed dam. But last week Republican Governor Tim Babcock of Montana showed up before a Senate Public Works subcommittee to oppose the Government's plan to build a dam in his state. The proposed Knowles Dam on the Flathead River, said Babcock, was an "unsound expenditure of the taxpayers' dollars that would cost the people of this country \$259 million they do not need to spend."

Endorsed by the Army Engineers, Knowles Dam is part of the huge development program for the Columbia River Basin. But Babcock argued that the dam which would back up a 40-mile lake would flood 9,000 acres of irrigated land, harm Montana's forestry industry, submerge three towns and displace 1,284 persons.

Declared Babcock: "Perhaps it is necessary for a state or a Governor to focus attention on our national need to reverse unnecessary federal spending. If such is the case, then Montana is proud to be that state, and I am proud to be that Governor."

WELFARE

Doleful Dole

"There's nobody in this room who can tell me about hard times—because I've seen them," said West Virginia's Democratic Senator Robert Byrd. The Senator explained that his mother had died when he was ten months old and that he was raised by penniless foster parents, who "never took five cents" in welfare funds. "Some people may think we don't know what it is to wear tennis shoes in the snow. I went from one end of the community to the other with a little wagon gathering up scraps saved for me by housewives so I could feed the hogs. I was out of high school for 16 years before I could go to college. So never let it be said that I look at this problem from any ivory tower."

Byrd^o was defending himself against charges that, as chairman of a subcommittee investigating welfare fraud in the District of Columbia, he was plucking bread from the mouths of women and children. As Byrd's probe ended last week, it was apparent that some of those women and children had been eating pretty high off the hog.

Man in the House. Washington's welfare payments have bloated from \$9,500,000 to \$21,300,000 in the past seven years, and Byrd wanted to find out why. In random sampling, investigators discovered that many families on relief had one TV set and that several had two. At one appliance store at least four persons on relief were buying expensive stereophonic phonograph sets on time. Of the cases reviewed, investigators found that 78% of the persons on general relief were really ineligible for aid, as were 57%

of the mothers receiving checks for dependent children. Some case studies:

▶ A mother of four, receiving \$166 a month on the claim that her husband had deserted her, had actually driven him away from home by "threats and abuse" so that she could receive public assistance. What was more, the husband had been giving her \$50 a month since January, was employed, and wanted to return home to support his family.

▶ A mother of eight children (fathered by three men) was getting \$245 a month, had turned down two job offers so far this year. She told investigators it would be foolish for her to go to work since it would mean losing her welfare benefits.

▶ Another mother, getting \$205 a month on the claim that she had no other resources, was in fact employed part time and during one period had received \$10 a week from a boy friend toward a \$420 TV set.

Nearly one-third of the supposedly abandoned mothers were violating the District's "man in the house" rule. It forbids payments to any woman for her dependent children if an able-bodied man lives with her: It makes no difference whether or not he is her husband. In eleven cases investigators found men hiding under beds, in closets or bathrooms—or heading hell-bent out the back door.

New Look. Such were Byrd's findings that some of those who had criticized his investigation earlier were now coming around. Among them was the Washington *Post* and *Times Herald*, which agreed that the District should "put its house in order." And at the prompting of Senator Byrd, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze was planning a review of the nation's entire \$4.3 billion relief program on the premise that what had happened in the District might also be happening elsewhere.



EMPLOYEE MEDLEY
Preparing for the future.

pleting his sentence. Some of North Carolina's working prisoners:

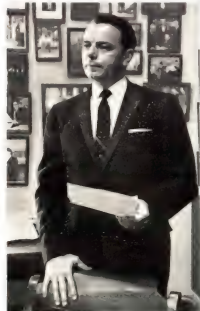
▶ Harry Rivenbark, 57, a forger, tears down automobiles in a Raleigh junkyard. "You have a feeling of security out here," says Rivenbark. "There's not someone breathing down your neck. We don't have to worry about a thing. We turn in our check, and that settles everything."

▶ Charles Barham, 23, convicted of breaking and entering, makes \$50 a week as a cook at a café across from the North Carolina State College campus in Raleigh. Says he: "It bothered me at first—getting locked up at night. I've got used to it now, and it's just another day. The girls coming in—that's the most tempting part, but I'll be out in February."

▶ Bobby Medley, 18, convicted of forcible trespassing, performed so well on the job at the Beacon Motel and Restaurant outside Raleigh that he was hired when he was paroled last week. Said Motel Owner G. G. Frazier: "I'm going to use more prisoners in the future. They're harder workers and better than those that come in off the street for a job."

So far as is known, no prisoner has ever committed a crime while at work. Seven percent have been classified as "escapees"—a term that covers everything from leaving work to visit a friend to outright flight—and all have been returned to prison. Of convicts who have worked in the program and served their terms, only a handful have got into trouble after their release. Eventually, Randall hopes to have 1,000 prisoners outside on the job. Says he: "Under the old concept, prison was supposed to degrade a man—the ball and chain, stripes, things like that. Now we try to build him up. And as a dollars-and-cents proposition, it's a good thing for the taxpayer. The prisoner on work release actually pays his way through prison."

o No kin to Virginia Democrat Harry Flood Byrd



INVESTIGATOR BYRD
Putting the house in order.

PRISONS

Outside on the Job

They're like everybody else—almost. They go to work each weekday morning, serve communities throughout North Carolina as barbers, mechanics, cooks, secretaries and farmers. Then they go home—to their cells in state prisons. There are 306 of them, and they are convicts taking part in North Carolina's promising work-release program, a rehabilitation plan based on the idea that a prisoner with a steady outside job is of greater benefit both to himself and the state.

Begun tentatively in 1957, North Carolina's system has evolved under State Prison Director George W. Randall into the most liberal outside work plan in the nation. All inmates with sentences of five years or less are eligible for consideration, provided they are not sex offenders, confirmed alcoholics or drug addicts. Each prisoner's weekly paycheck is turned over to the state, which gives him \$5 for personal expenses, keeps \$1 for state-furnished transportation—and \$2.25 a day for room and board. The remainder is divided up between the prisoner's family and a trust fund that he receives on com-

THE WORLD

EUROPE

The Dam Builders

As the official French government plane taxied to a stop under the gloowering skies at Bonn's shabby Wahn Airport, a red carpet was rolled out to the landing stairs. From the plane stepped the towering figure of Charles de Gaulle, who, as the first French chief of state to visit Germany officially since 1870, had come on a historic mission: to cement a lasting bond of friendship and unity between two ancient foes. "The mountain," said one spectator, "has come to Mohammed."

De Gaulle warmly greeted West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who was beaming like a boy at his own birthday party. To the cheering thousands, De Gaulle proclaimed the importance of his visit in inimitable Gaullist language. Said he: "In the depths of my soul, I feel how significant and gripping are my presence on your soil and my contact with your country."

By car, plane and Rhine river boat, De Gaulle made contact indefatigably for the next five days. Police officials, terrified at the ever present prospect of an S.A.O. attempt to assassinate France's President,



DE GAULLE & ADENAUER REVIEWING GERMAN TROOPS
An end and a beginning.

blanched at his indifference to security precautions. In Bonn and Cologne, De Gaulle pressed against police lines, shaking hands and murmuring, "Guten Tag, guten Tag." In Hamburg he scorned a limousine that the city fathers had just had bullet-proofed for \$3,000, insisted on riding in an open car instead. Cops with walkie-talkies endlessly scanned the crowds. Doctors and nurses dogged the President's footsteps with bandages, collapsible

stretchers and supplies of his rare blood type (O-Rh negative). Reporters kept telephone lines open to flash word of any assassination attempt, and police dogs sniffed the fields outside the castles and homes where De Gaulle slept.

Though political union with France is a vague abstraction to most West Germans, the crowds responded eagerly to De Gaulle's outstretched hands, his praise for the "great German folk." Though he pri-

FROM ENMITY TO ENTENTE

THOUGH he will be remembered as the senior architect of Franco-German amity, Charles de Gaulle has believed throughout most of his life that Frenchman and German could never bridge their temperamental differences—let alone lay foundations for Europe's closest economic, political and military entente. In 1934, while a captain attached to the Defense Ministry, De Gaulle wrote a slim volume, *The Army of the Future*, which mirrored the conviction of most Frenchmen that the traditional hostility between France and Germany was "in the nature of things." The border between the two countries, wrote De Gaulle, "is an open wound; the wind that sweeps it is laden with ulterior motives."

Logicians v. Carpet Knights. Psychologically, De Gaulle elaborated, France and Germany were doomed to "a constant state of mutual distrust." And for what reason? In his rolling prose he apostrophized both peoples:

"This Frenchman, who has so much order in his mind and so little in his acts, this logician who doubts everything, this lackadaisical hard worker, this enthusiast for tail coats and public gardens who goes about in sloppy clothes and strews the grass with litter, in short, this fickle, uncertain, contradictory nation—how could the Teuton sympathize with it, understand it, or trust it?"

"And conversely, we feel uneasy about Germany, a bundle of powerful yet hazy instincts, born artists without any taste, technicians who remain feudal, with restaurants which are temples, Gothic palaces for lavatories, oppressors who want to be loved, separatists who are slavishly obedient, carpet knights who make themselves sick when they have had too much beer."

The irony of De Gaulle's evolution is that it took yet another war with Germany to persuade him that German and Frenchman could and should be partners. In his memoirs,

he describes the thoughts that filled his mind in 1945 while inspecting French occupation forces in Germany.

Modified Psychology. "Observing the mountains of ruins to which the cities were reduced, passing through flattened villages, receiving the supplications of despairing burghomasters, seeing populations from which male adults had almost entirely disappeared, made me, as a European, gasp in horror. I also observed that the cataclysm, having reached such a degree, would profoundly modify the psychology of the Germans."

"Amid the ruins, mourning and humiliation which had submerged Germany, I felt my sense of distrust and severity fade within me. I even glimpsed possibilities of understanding which the past had never offered. Moreover, it seemed to me that the same sentiment was dawning on our soldiers. The thirst for vengeance which had spurred them on at first had abated as they advanced across the ravaged earth. I saw them merciful before the misery of the vanquished."

Centuries of Bad Dreams. Later that same year, at Mainz, De Gaulle declared: "We proceed from the same race; we are Europeans, men of the West. How many reasons for us to stand by one another henceforward!" In another speech at Koblenz, he added: "Time will go by and wounds will be healed, but the wounds are deep and the healing time will be long." At a gala gathering in Freiburg, De Gaulle summed up his thoughts:

"I began wondering if so many battles fought and invasions endured for so many centuries were not merely bad dreams. How can I believe that the Germans ever entertained toward the Gauls anything but this cordiality of which I was being offered such striking proofs? But when I found myself again in the ruined streets amid a grief-stricken crowd, I could see what disaster this nation had had to endure in order to heed the counsels of reason at last."

vately feels that the Common Market is already big enough, in the trade-minded port city of Hamburg De Gaulle disclaimed any intent of excluding other nations from the European community.

L'union, Pourquoi? Speaking without notes, mostly in grammatically flawless, if unmistakably Gaullist German, De Gaulle returned repeatedly to the thematic words: "*Deutsch-Französische Freundschaft*" (Franco-German friendship). The most explicit and concentrated statement of De Gaulle's plans for Europe was delivered at a state banquet at the Augustusburg Castle in Brühl—ironically, once the residence in exile of Louis XIV's Cardinal Mazarin, an early evangelist of France's longstanding policy of keeping Germany weak and divided. "Every word in the speech is worthy of exegetical study, like a Biblical text," exclaimed one of Adenauer's close advisers.

De Gaulle did not disguise his grand Carolingian design for a Europe dominated by the two nations, France and Germany, he emphasized, must urgently "reinforce their solidarity." Said he: "If we have put aside our quarrels and strife, it is not in order to doze. From this reconciliation we must fashion a common source of power, influence and deeds. *L'union, pourquoi?*"

First and most obviously, said De Gaulle, the two nations must unite to thwart Soviet "ambitions of dominance." Secondly, he reasoned, "because the alliance of the free world—Europe and America—cannot preserve its self-confidence and solidity unless there exists on the old continent a dam of power and prosperity of the same sort that the U.S. constitutes in the new world. Such a dam can have no other basis than the solidarity of our two countries." Thirdly, peace and prosperity "from the Atlantic to the Urals" depend on a "single, unified Franco-German policy."

Organic Cooperation. In private dam-building talks with Adenauer, De Gaulle keyed his pitch directly to West Germany's bubbling new nationalism. "For years our foreign policy was based on considering ourselves the biggest small nation," glowed one German diplomat. "But De Gaulle sees us in a different light—as a great nation."

De Gaulle played subtly on Adenauer's growing fear that the U.S. will eventually withdraw from Europe. De Gaulle argued powerfully that U.S. disengagement would be more than offset by the new Europe spearheaded by France and Germany, which would be an equal partner with the U.S. in the West, and eventually, he prophesied, a "third force" capable of coming to terms with a mellowed Soviet Union. As a first, institutionalized step toward this third force, De Gaulle called for "organic cooperation" between the French and German armies—a thinly veiled bid for West German financial and technical assistance in France's program to develop an independent nuclear deterrent; it was swiftly downplayed by Bonn which above all is anxious to avoid alienating the U.S.

De Gaulle's strength is that, almost alone among Western statesmen, he has his own firm, lucid ideas about the future of the West—however disturbing these may sometimes be to his allies—and has no hesitation about pushing them. He is deeply imbued with a sense of history (see box). And at 71, he is a man of amazing diligence. Said one admiring German official: "The key to De Gaulle is evident in his speeches in German. He doesn't speak it really well, but he has a perfectly aspirated *h*. For a Frenchman, that's the toughest letter of all. De Gaulle must have concentrated on it and systematically practiced it until he got it. It's that power of will that's so characteristic. And you can be sure that he will keep pressing his idea of Franco-German friendship the same way."

Natural Ripening. Despite what one Adenauer aide called "the impact of De Gaulle's *charme virile* on the Old Gentleman," the distance the Chancellor could travel down the road with the French

"It Will Be"

In the gilded, mirrored chambers of Pall Mall's Marlborough House, the leaders of Britain's Commonwealth gathered this week. They came to discuss an issue that will permanently affect their nations' future: Britain's bid for membership in Europe's Common Market.

The conference comes at a particularly sensitive time. Britain's negotiating team left Brussels last month without the conclusive outline of terms that the government had hoped to present to this week's conference. Thus it could offer little in the way of solid assurance to the Commonwealth nations that will be hardest hit by Britain's admission to Europe: New Zealand, Australia and Canada (in that order of vulnerability), whose economies are heavily reliant on tariff-free exports of meat, grain and dairy products to the British market, from which they may be excluded by 1970. Britain's toughest opposition came from the French.



"IF THEY WANT US THEY WILL HAVE TO MAKE THE WAY EASY FOR US"

President had its limits. On any issue apt seriously to impair Germany's relations with its other Western partners, Adenauer would find a huge majority against him in the Bundestag, including not only the Socialist opposition and the Free Democrats, who shore up his coalition government, but also nearly two-thirds of his own Christian Democratic Union. Adenauer's problem, says one diplomat, is thus to let the Franco-German love match ripen naturally, "so that it becomes neither an ersatz for the Common Market, nor a rival for it, nor directed against any partner, including the U.S."

On the other hand, both leaders are well aware that they will not be alive or in office many more years; a sense of urgency underlay even their most florid public exchanges. This awareness of historic work to be done pervaded the entire visit and, more important, was grasped by West Germany's people. Charles de Gaulle has long paid tribute to Franco-German friendship; he even personifies it. Last week he helped to make it a reality that will outlive Charles de Gaulle.

whose own farmers are already hard pressed to unload their high-cost surpluses. Even in Britain a *Daily Mail* national poll showed 52% were against British membership, compared with 42% two months ago. Nevertheless, Britain's giant Trades Union Congress voted overwhelmingly against rejection of the Common Market last week.

"We Have Stood Fast." Only four months ago Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was saying that Britain would not join unless Europe made "the way easy for us" (see cartoon). Now, as Charles de Gaulle and Konrad Adenauer hobnobbed in West Germany, it was plain that the road would be at best a rocky one. An outcry against Common Market membership from Prime Ministers of the "Old Dominions"—Canada's John Diefenbaker, New Zealand's Keith Holyoake, Australia's Robert Menzies—could bring Tory fortunes crashing. Menzies was notably less belligerent than he had been earlier this year, saying: "We must strike

© Prime Minister Macmillan, May 1, 1967

a happy medium between the insistence on our own position and recognition of the rights of other people." Holyoake, whose country sells 92% of its farm produce to Britain, worked gently on Britain's sense of fair play. "Over 130 years," he declared, "New Zealand has looked to Britain in times of emergency. We have stood fast with Britain when she was sorely pressed."

"Tough Moments Ahead." While the Eurocrats go hammer and tongs at the task of welding the new Europe (see WORLD BUSINESS), the Commonwealth still must make the emotional and intellectual adjustments that come harder than economic concessions. As they planned for a new round of negotiations, starting next month, most Common Market statesmen

defendant is still at large.) What made the case fascinating in France was that the five were drawn almost inevitably to the S.A.O. and its paranoid delusions of glory from similarly abject backgrounds: broken homes, army service in Algeria, feckless drifting from job to job. In the dock they seemed almost a composite of the S.A.O. mentality. The line-up:

► Henri Manoury, 34, who led the plot, was an academic failure at school, married a *pid-noir* girl in Algeria.

► Martial de Villemandy, 35, bounced around Europe and America with his vaudeville parents before they separated. Previously imprisoned as an army deserter, he helped botch the assassination attempt by crashing the car that was to signal the arrival of the presidential convoy.

ambush,* which almost killed De Gaulle last month, had destroyed any current of sympathy for the defendants.

Tixier's ace card was his claim that the assassination attempt was actually a *bidon* (phony) plot cooked up by Gaullist officials to scare the President into taking greater security precautions. But Tixier was made to look so ridiculous in trying to prove the charge that he dropped this strategy. Even Tixier's defense witnesses (though mostly staunch advocates of *Algérie française*) had little sympathy for the five. Snapped General Fernand Gambiez: "It is because of maneuvers of men like them that *Algérie française* was lost."

The prosecution demanded death for Manoury and hefty prison sentences for his accomplices. But Tixier made a bril-



ROUVIÈRE



BELVISI



MANOURY



DE VILLEMANDY



BARBANCE

*Because of men like them, *Algérie française* was lost."

sympathetically acknowledged the obstacles in the way of British membership. Shrugged one diplomat in Brussels last week: "There will be tough moments ahead." He added: "But it will be. It will be."

FRANCE

Five Who Failed

One dark night last September, Charles de Gaulle's black Citroën was speeding toward his country home in Colombey-les-Deux-Églises when suddenly flames erupted in the car's path. Miraculously, the plastic bomb that had been planted beside the lonely road did not explode. Shaken but unhurt, De Gaulle murmured, "Just a joke in bad taste." Last week the punch line of the joke was delivered in a drab courthouse at Troyes, 90 miles from Paris, where the S.A.O. terrorists who had plotted to assassinate France's President stood trial.

In almost any society the five men in the dock would probably have tangled with the law sooner or later. (A sixth

Told in court that his brother had called him unstable. De Villemandy shrugged. "With good reason. Your Honor."

► Bernard Barbance, 27, is the son of a bus driver, was an apprentice florist before going into the army as a paratrooper. Battered Barbance, explained a court psychiatrist, was motivated by "the desire to achieve virility."

► Jean-Marc Rouvière, 25, had a father and mother who were both sentenced to death as collaborators after World War II. He won three military citations in Algeria, built the bomb meant to kill De Gaulle. (It failed to explode only because of faulty soldering.)

► Armand Belvisi, 37, is an army deserter and onetime cop who spent four years in jail for stealing \$2,800 from a mail truck. Called an inveterate woman chaser in court, he explained placidly to the bench:

"Well, I don't smoke or drink."

Defense Attorney Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, a foxy ultrarightist who defended S.A.O. Leader Raoul Salan, tried desperately to get the trial postponed. His reason was obvious: the latest S.A.O.

liant plea. He emphasized that no one had been killed. Why, then, should Manoury die when Salan, who was responsible "for 1,800 murders, 4,700 people wounded, and 12,000 armed attacks," got only life imprisonment? He recalled that France has traditionally been lenient toward political assassins since the public revulsion over the fate of Damiens, Louis XV's valet, who was tortured and killed after grazing his master with a knife during an unsuccessful attempt on his life.

The jury deliberated 77 minutes. Despite the prosecution's plea for stiff sentences to show "that there are still laws in France and still men in Troyes," the verdict was mild: 20 years for Manoury, 15 each for De Villemandy, Rouvière and Belvisi, and ten for Barbance. Said Tixier: "Damien helped us very much indeed."

* In mid-trial, the government rounded up five of the conspirators who had taken part in the second ambush. At week's end, former Premier Georges Bidault, now reportedly leading the anti-Gaullist underground, was also arrested in Italy and, as is common in such cases, taken to "the frontier of his choice."

ALGERIA

The One-Day War

After weeks of bluster and sporadic bloodshed, Algeria's Politburo Chief Ahmed ben Bella last week finally ordered his troops to seize the new nation's rebellious capital.

Within hours, motorized columns carrying 16,000 regular troops were rolling northward along three roads toward Algiers. Then they ran into roadblocks set up by defiant troops of Wilaya 4, the military district that includes Algiers and the surrounding region. As their trucks squealed to a halt, Ben Bella's troops embraced their foes at the barricades and sat down to drink coffee together. "Dear brother," one of Ben Bella's officers would say, "we have orders from the Politburo to advance on Algiers." A Wilaya commander would reply: "Dear brother, we are sorry but we have orders not to let you pass." Then the brothers abandoned fraternity for fratricide.

On a ridge above rolling wheatfields near Boghar, 90 miles south of Algiers, TIME Correspondent James Wilde watched the war begin. Cabled Wilde: "The regular army, trained in Tunisia, rode in Skoda trucks, wore uniforms made in Red China, packed Czech submachine guns, Russian recoilless rifles and Chinese-made mortars, against them were ranged a motley collection of lightly armed Wilaya 4 guerrillas, most of them hardly more than boys. Though the regulars were plainly holding back their superior firepower at Boghar, heavy fighting took place near mountainous Aumale, about 60 miles to the east, where determined guerrillas could have stopped Ben Bella's forces for months if they had wished. In all, more than 100 men died and 400 were wounded before the single day's fighting ended in an uneasy truce."

"Real Independence." In Algiers itself, meanwhile, militiamen loyal to the Politburo surged out of hiding and seized control of the cashah in rooftop fighting. From Oran, where he had fled four days earlier to avoid arrest by Wilaya 4 troops, Ahmed ben Bella slipped into Algiers, dressed in woman's clothing. There, in return for a cease-fire, Rebel Leader Colonel Hassan agreed to evacuate the city and to confine his routed, discredited forces to one of the suburbs.

Changing into a dark blue suit, Ben Bella that night delivered a "victory" speech from a balcony overlooking Algiers' spacious Forum. But so disgusted are Algerians with their squabbling leaders that scarcely 300 turned out to hear Ben Bella proclaim: "The crisis is over. The Politburo's authority is restored." Unconvincingly, he added: "Algeria's real independence dates from today."

Garrison Joys. Though he had temporarily disposed of one opponent, Ben Bella had plenty left. The rugged Berber guerrillas of Wilaya 3 were still holding out in the impregnable mountains of Kabylia, led by hard-bitten Belkacem Krim, who negotiated the Evian agreements with France and may still have the power to

SOLDIER IN WAITING

IN the two, ill-starred months of Algeria's independence, it has become plain that the only effective power in the country is not wielded by Ahmed ben Bella and his Politburo. It lies in the fragile, nicotine-stained hands of Colonel Houari Boumedienne, 37, the brooding ascetic who is unchallenged leader of the nation's disciplined, 450,000-man "regular" army.

It was Boumedienne who ousted ex-Premier Benyoussief Benkhedda last summer and backed the more "revolutionary" Ben Bella in his place. Last week Boumedienne kept Ben Bella in power by routing the rebellious forces that held Algiers in defiance of the Politburo. And if Ben Bella topples, as many Algerians expect him to, it will almost certainly be the result of yet another coup by Boumedienne's increasingly restive army.

The high-strung, hawk-beaked colonel looks less like a kingmaker than a Left Bank café intellectual. His cadaverous frame quivers with nervous energy as he chomps on an ever-present cigarette or chain-gulps black coffee. A bachelor who has been too engrossed in the revolution to see his parents for twelve years, Boumedienne has wispy, sandy hair, a straggly, reddish mustache, and small, grey-blue eyes that seldom kindle save on the occasions when he expounds his dogmatic, curiously naive ideas about Algeria's future. Though probably one of the best educated of the top Algerian leaders, he uncritically accepts such Communist canards as the notion that other NATO nations supported France during the seven-year war against Algeria's freedom fighting. With no apparent thought for the problems involved, he insists that drastic agrarian reform and redistribution of wealth are the first essential responsibilities of Algeria's government. Argues Boumedienne: "It is unacceptable—impossible—that the land should remain in the hands of the few while the majority live in misery. The peasant paid for the war and gave his all. We can't just give him slogans in return."

Boumedienne, who was born in Guelma, 40 miles south of Bône, is himself the son of a landless peasant. He managed nonetheless to attend both French and Islamic schools, spent at least two years at Egypt's al-Azhar University. According to French dossiers, he attended military schools in Russia and Red China. Boumedienne will neither affirm nor deny the charge. "He hates talking about the past," explains a friend. "He would like to imagine that he began life in 1954—the year the rebellion started."



COLONEL BOUMEDIENNE

Boumedienne learned to kill as an urban terrorist and later as a guerrilla in the mountains. At 32 he commanded all the rebel forces in western Algeria. He admits only one regret: the war's fratricidal purges in which, says he, "I had to send thousands of comrades to their deaths." He adds coolly: "Some were killed by the French, others by internal strife."

In 1960 Boumedienne was given the task of "forming a national army" in the security of training camps in Morocco and Tunisia. He carefully built and husbanded a crack fighting force equipped with Communist-bloc weapons and indoctrinated with Marxist ideas. "It's the best group that ever was," he brags. He kept his units in fighting trim with diversionary attacks on the French army's fortified defense lines across the border, but his troops took no part in the bitter war in Algeria itself. Thus the army's losses were trifling compared with those of the guerrilla fighters in the Algerian wilayas. Boumedienne is detested by wilaya leaders, who say that he starved them of sorely needed weapons that were lavished on his private troops. "One has one's attachments," Boumedienne answers. "Mine is the army." With stubborn idealism that is ironically reminiscent of many French officers, Boumedienne asserts that the comradeship of the army "transcends even the national interest."

What is abundantly clear is that few, if any, Algerian leaders would now attempt to clip Boumedienne's wings, as Benkhedda tried to do. Ben Bella, whom the colonel has known and supported since 1952, has more reason to fear that his government will not be able to rebuild Algeria's shattered economy or redistribute its land fast enough to please his impatient chief of staff. In that case, the next time Boumedienne marches, it will probably be to rivet army rule on Algeria. Boumedienne has often remarked that "the army is the spearhead of the revolution"—and he alone wields the spear.

oust Ben Bella. Also ranged against Ben Bella is the bulk of organized labor in Algeria, led by realistic unionists such as Ali Yahia, an ex-schoolteacher who believes that living standards can be maintained only through cooperation with France. Even more bitterly opposed to the Politburo are the 250,000 Algerian workers in France, whose organization still refuses to send funds to Ben Bella's *de facto* government.

The most dangerous antagonist of all may well be thin, fiery Colonel Houari Boumedienne, commander of the regular army (see box). In borrowed French helicopters, Ben Bella had to fly twice to the front lines to get Boumedienne to agree to the cease-fire. There was an "acrimonious" meeting at Orléansville, where Boumedienne argued bitterly against the deal made with Wilaya 4 just as he was at the point of breaking through the rebel defenses. The regular army, he declared, was being cheated of its triumphal entry into Algiers, where his officers anticipated fat political jobs and his men dreamed of the soft garrison life. Boumedienne got his way, and this week, grinning broadly, he headed for Algiers in a green Land Rover at the head of a token force of 4,000 army regulars, who will remain as a part of the city's garrison.

By week's end, Ben Bella had issued a sheaf of pacifying orders. From now on, he declared, Algiers would be a "demilitarized city" under the control of a police force loyal to the Politburo. The often-postponed national elections were rescheduled for Sept. 16. Ben Bella also took personal credit for having brought an end to the fighting. That seemed only fair to most Algerians: after all, Ben Bella had started it. But his troubles—and Algeria's—were only beginning.

BERLIN

One for the Mets

When the Russians first began using armored cars instead of buses for the daily changing of the guard at the Soviet war memorial, Western officials accepted the switch as a practical measure to protect Russian troops from stones hurled by West Berliners. But the Russian convoy grew and grew and grew. At first there were only three small four-wheeled armored personnel carriers. Then the small APCs were replaced by three larger six-wheeled armored cars. Then the Russians suggested that they might want to add a fourth. "What next?" groaned U.S. officials in Washington and Berlin. "Tanks?"

The U.S. last week decided to put an end to the daily 2.2-mile circus. To the Russians went a curt announcement: as of midnight next day, there would be no more junketing through the U.S. sector to the war memorial. Instead, the Communists could either break a path through their own Wall at the Brandenburg Gate, or use the Invalidenstrasse crossing point directly into the British sector, where the monument is located.

There were some tense hours, for many West Berliners expected the Russians to

try a showdown. But when the deadline came, the Soviet troops drove to Invalidenstrasse, avoiding the U.S. sector as directed. Some Westerners seemed jubilant that the West for once had made the Russians knuckle under, instead of vice versa. "Well, whaddya know," guffawed a G.I. "The Mets finally won a ball game." Whether it was even a moral victory was doubtful. Many a critic of the West's painfully cautious Berlin policy wondered aloud why the Russians were not ordered to go back to riding buses and to stop driving armored cars into West Berlin.



KROBO EDEUSEI & WIFE
All that glittered was not socialism.

GHANA

Crowbar Redivivus

It was only a matter of time before Krobo ("Crowbar") Edusei, 46, returned to President Kwame Nkrumah's Cabinet: he has all the qualifications. A squat, be-thatched bully from Ashanti, Edusei was Nkrumah's *eminence noire* in the Cabinet until last April, when he was finally tossed out during one of Nkrumah's brief experiments in making his colleagues practice what he preaches.

Osugetyfo (The Redeemer) had decreed austere that no Minister in his socialist government should have a house worth more than \$56,000. Crowbar, a former \$22-a-month debt collector, had five houses; one of them—a \$200,000 pleasure dome outside of Accra—would be called a palace even by *Osugetyfo*. However, it was not Chateau Crowbar that led to Edusei's downfall, but a golden bed that was snapped up by his wife Mary in London. In vain Crowbar pleaded with her to send it back to the store. Implored Edusei: "An \$8,400 gold-plated bed is not socialism." The aftermath in Accra: his palace was confiscated and Crowbar was axed.

But in Ghana these days, Cabinet Ministers are about as scarce as 14-karat pads.

Since jailing Foreign Minister Ako Adjei and Information Minister Tawia Adamafio last month, apparently for complicity in a plot to assassinate him, Nkrumah has been hard pressed to plug the gaps. To fill the Agriculture Ministry, the Redeemer redeemed Crowbar.

Edusei might even get his palace back. Mary, still contrary, still has the bed.

IRAN

The Night the Earth Went Wild

Through the rubble heap that had once been the quiet farming village of Buin walked Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Iran. On either side, the ruins of mud-brick houses were piled high above him; the sickening stench of unburied bodies poisoned the air. Grimy, sobbing villagers milled around him. "I have lost all I had, O Father of the Nation," cried one old woman, falling to her knees. "My husband, two sons, four daughters, and my two brothers with their nine children."

Finally, the Shah climbed onto the hood of an army truck to list the villagers' immediate needs. There were only 400 clustered around him; 3,000 of Buin's 6,500 people had perished in one horrifying minute. The earthquake that demolished Buin and 100 other villages had already accounted for some 10,000 deaths; hundreds more were reported daily as masked Iranian soldiers shoveled through the debris in search of bodies.

The earthquake hit at 10:52 on a still, starry night, wrenching a jagged fault 30 miles beneath the surface in an area 60 miles long, 25 miles wide. Marvelled Sayid Abdulh Hussein, a village schoolteacher: "The earth went wild with wrath. Then, suddenly, the roaring ended and there was silence amidst the darkness and dust. I called again and again for my wife and family. But there was no answer."

The worst recorded disaster in the nation's modern history, the quake was 100 times more violent than the tremor that killed some 20,000 in the Moroccan city of Agadir in 1960; if the epicenter had hit only 90 miles away in Teheran, scientists estimated, more than a million Iranians would have been killed or injured. Though every available rescue unit rushed to the stricken area, some of the villages were so remote that survivors huddled in the ruins for days before medicine and supplies reached them. A dozen nations offered Iran immediate aid. Within 28 hours after the first tremor, U.S. Air Force planes from Europe were landing in Iran with aid that included a 100-bed Army field hospital, three helicopter rescue teams, 1,000 tons of food.

As the Shah flew from village to village, damage seemed even worse than at first expected. Wailed the village *mullah* of Danesfahan, where 3,200 of 4,500 inhabitants perished: "We have brought this evil on ourselves. It is God's vengeance for our sins." But the real evil, experts decided, lies in the peasants' age-old technique of building thick-walled, mud-brick houses that instantly collapse on their occupants in an earthquake. After his



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Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why there's a little of Loch Lomond in every bottle of Ballantine's

Loch Lomond, Scotland's celebrated lake of ballad and verse, imparts something very special to Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. It lends some of its serenity and sunny-lightness to the spirit. Realistically, Loch Lomond's azure waters are perfect for making Scotch. For good Scotch requires a water of uncommon gentleness. And the Loch's water is measured at only 3 to 5 degrees of hardness (London's water measures up to 300 degrees). Another important consideration: Ballantine's contains a delicate harmony

of 42 Scotch Whiskies, each contributing its particular flavor to this Scotch's pleasing personality.

The final result is Scotch never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds.

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inspection, the Shah announced plans to rebuild the nation's 50,000 mud-hut villages.* It will take at least 15 years—if new earthquakes do not hasten the task.

MALAYSIA

A Good Start

In an echoing Singapore badminton hall, weary workers counted and recounted the ballots far into the night. Outside, 200 police stood guard against possible violence organized by the powerful left-wing parties. But the leftists failed to marshal either rioters or voters, and moderate Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew scored an unexpected landslide for his campaign to bring Singapore into the big new federation of Britain's Malaysian territories (TIME, July 27). Glowed the Cambridge-educated Prime Minister: "It is the seal of public and popular approval for merger and Malaysia. We are off to a good start."

The Communist-leaning Barisan Socialist, an extremist group that splintered



THE PRINCE & GRACE KOLIN (1946)

from Lee's own People's Action Party in 1961, had sought to turn the referendum into a protest vote. The Socialists predicted that 70% of the ballots would be left blank, and Peking tried to buy a few votes by dangling hints that it would resume its once large rubber purchases if Singapore stayed out of the new federation. But it was Lee who wound up with 71% of the vote; barely 25% of the 561,550 ballots were blank.

Singapore will now get limited representation in the Malaysian Parliament in exchange for local control over labor and education policies (which it needs to curb Communist influence). By Aug. 31, 1963, the British-run territories of North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei are to complete the federation with Malaya and Singapore to form a 1,600-mile crescent around the South China Sea.

Ultimately, Malaysia's success depends in large measure on its chief architect, Malayan Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman, who at 59 is troubled by insomnia and is perceptibly slowing down. The Tengku (prince), almost alone, can bind together all the diverse elements in the nation-to-be.

* Also in dire need of repair: the area's intricate, ingenious system of underground conduits—called *tunais*—which have been used for hundreds of years to distribute water from mountain springs to the arid plateaus.

INTERNATIONAL SET Unhitching Post

Fortnight after bidding Jacqueline Kennedy *arrivederci*, the villagers of Ravello this week turned out to say goodbye to Jackie's sister and hostess, Lee Radziwill, 29. As Lee and her husband, Polish Prince Stanislas Radziwill, packed up for the trip home to London, it turned out that their sprawling Mediterranean villa had been more than a summer pleasure dome; it also served the Roman Catholic Radziwills as a convenient base from which to seek Vatican annulment of a previous marriage.

Just which marriage they wanted to have annulled* was at first not quite clear, since "Stash" Radziwill, 48, was once married to Shipping Heiress Grace Kolin, who last year married the Earl of Dudley, who was formerly married to Laura Charteris, who is now married to U.S. Socialite Michael Canfield, who was the first husband of Lee Bouvier, who



THE PRINCE & PRINCESS
From quick killings to quiet dabbbling.

since March 19, 1959, has been married to Prince Stanislas Radziwill.

Rothschild Collector. Stash Radziwill explained. No three-ring annulment was necessary, because his first marriage—to the present Baroness de Chollet, wife of a Swiss banker—was declared void by the Vatican shortly before he married Lee in March 1959; his second marriage was not even recognized by the church, since it was a civil ceremony, and, in any case, took place before his first was annulled. The only marriage "outstanding," as a Roman Catholic prelate put it, is Lee's. According to friends, Lee and Stash wanted it annulled to placate Stash's devoutly Catholic father, Prince Janusz Radziwill, 82, who is said to have disapproved of their civil marriage.

Away from Ravello, the Radziwills live relatively unnoticed in their London town house. Bulky, mustachioed Stash Radzi-

will wrestles a Cadillac around narrow London streets and looks like the chap who got his comeuppance in the final reel of every Pearl White thriller. Except for a slight accent, he is as English as the Ascot—almost. The prince arrived in London after World War II with little to his name but his name. He made some quick killings in real estate, and has settled down to quiet dabbling. Stash's cash has enabled the Radziwills to furnish their elegant Georgian house with works of art. Lee Radziwill is known to the trade as a "Rothschild collector," meaning that he buys *objets d'art* the way some people buy A. T. & T.

Social Tips. Like Sister Jackie, shy, chic Lee Radziwill devotes as much time as she can to her children. In her first and last ceremonial public appearance—to open Chelsea's annual antiques fair—she was so jittery that she bumped heads with the curtsying moppet who presented her a bouquet of flowers, returned to her seat and sat on the bouquet. Like Jackie Kennedy, too, she has had a fling at



LEE & MIKE CANFIELD (1958)

journalism, notably last July, when she was barred from a private, nonpress showing by Couturier Hubert de Givenchy after it was learned that she was covering the Paris collections for *McCall's*—in a St. Laurent dress. Her byline has also appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, over a piece on manners and social tips.

Last year Britain's Dehret set had some etiquette pointers for the Radziwills. After accompanying the President of the U.S. and his wife to a dinner at Buckingham Palace, they were listed on the official court calendar as Prince and Princess. Proper Britons boggled over the fact that Stash is now a British subject, thus could correctly use his title only if he had a special license from the Queen, which might be as hard to get as some annulments. The accepted explanation for the *lunx pas* was that palace protocol officers consciously elevated the Radziwills on that occasion out of deference to President Kennedy.

However, Lee has never heard to ask anyone to call her Missus, and her prince—like most of the Eastern Europeans stashed around London, Paris and New York—would probably sooner surrender his Cadillac than his title. Around the Radziwill family, all males are called prince—except Cousin Antony, a Bayswater wine waiter, who is rarely called at all, at least by the Radziwills.

* Annulments are most commonly granted on grounds that either partner entered into the marriage with reservations, usually about having children, or was under outside compulsion to get married. Worldly Italian maidens send friends or relatives premarital postcards hinting at such reservations, or compulsions, which can later be used as evidence if needed.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The Russian Presence

Despite initial Cuban attempts to hide it, and official U.S. denials that it was going on, there was no mistaking the Russian buildup when it began six weeks ago. Refugees fleeing Castro's miserable island brought the first reports; U.S. intelligence agents and members of the Western diplomatic corps filled out the story. Ships—some Russian, some chartered from such NATO nations as Britain, West Germany and Norway—were pouring into Cuba carrying heavy loads of Russian military equipment and Russian soldiers.

Mostly at night, and mostly with their own hands, the Russians unloaded sensitive electronic gear and crates shaped as though they might contain missiles. At

men . . . strong. They were probably a construction unit."

Four miles down the red clay road, Morfett discovered a second bivouac, "swarming with thousands of Russians. Some were dressed in physical-training gear and were doing calisthenics. Others wore greenish fatigues. Two teams were playing volley ball." Between neat rows of dun-colored tents, Morfett caught glimpses of field kitchens and chow lines, and beyond sat "military vehicles—lorries, trucks with mobile radar units, armored cars. Some of the trucks still bore Russian-language lettering." Ringing the camp were Cuban soldiers manning freshly dug anti-aircraft emplacements.

Gratuitous Slap. Thus, for the first time since he reached power, Castro had on hand flesh-and-blood soldiers of the

unlike any seen before in Latin America and spreading revolution through Spanish-speaking agents, the emotional, economically unbalanced, heavily illiterate republics below the Rio Grande would be hard pressed to preserve their present fragile structures.

Castro's divisive influence is already evident. Communist rebels and rioters have shaken the governments of Venezuela, Guatemala, Panama, Ecuador and the Dominican Republic. Early this year at Punta del Este, Uruguay, it took the Americas' foreign ministers ten round-the-clock days to find a devious, legalistic way to declare Communist Cuba "incompatible" with the democratic ideals of the Organization of American States—and to find 14 countries bold enough to vote for it. Meeting in Mexico City fortnight ago, the infant eight-nation Latin American Free Trade Association debated for eight days over whether to admit Red Cuba although nearly all of Cuba's trade is now with the Communist bloc. LAFTA finally rejected Cuba, but with Mexico and Brazil abstaining.

Time for Decision. Even when they could not say it publicly for fear of violent reaction by local pro-Castro minorities, most Latin American governments feared the new Cuban military buildup, and privately prayed that the U.S. would do something about it. In Nicaragua, the ruling Somoza dynasty called openly for "collective military action." Democratic little Costa Rica promised to "support any action to defend the inter-American system from the Communist threat that could come from Cuba." Students paraded through the Costa Rican capital of San José with placards calling for intervention—"OAS, the Time Is Now!"

In the fence-sitting, bigger countries of South America, influential voices were calling for action. Wrote Brazil's *O Estado de São Paulo*: "The hour of evasion, confusion and hesitation has passed." An Argentine Foreign Ministry official announced support for "any initiative taken by the U.S."

Nothing Yet. If any justification was needed beyond the Monroe Doctrine, there was the 1947 Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, the peace-keeping OAS Charter, and the 1954 OAS anti-Communist resolution. Action under the OAS Charter might range from a blockade (which a U.S. Navy expert estimated could easily be maintained by two aircraft carriers and 16 destroyers) to outright invasion.

However great the degree of support from its southern neighbors, the final decision will be the U.S.'s own. At week's end the U.S. decision was to do nothing—yet. Secretary of State Dean Rusk invited Latin American foreign ministers to an "informal" conference later this month during the U.N. General Assembly. But he lamely assured them that there would be "no intention to reach decisions or take any action whatever."



CASTRO SOLDIER & SOVIET "TECHNICIAN"
Radar pointing north, subversion aimed south.

Maríel, a port near Havana, a cinder-block wall went up to screen the docks; local Cubans nicknamed the area "Little Berlin." But there was no way of concealing the Red army trucks and armored cars lined up five-deep for a quarter of a mile along Havana's waterfront San Pedro Street. Exiles with contacts in Cuba reported convoys of military vehicles, radar vans, mobile generators, field kitchens, and flatbed trucks bearing cylindrical objects under tarpaulins rumbling inland from the quays.

Twin Bivouacs. Castro bars most U.S. newsmen from his Communist police state, and it was not until Keith Morfett of the London *Daily Mail* hired a car and went looking southwest of Havana that the West last week got an eyewitness description of the Russian presence. Just past the village of El Cano, eight miles from the capital, Morfett came to a high hedge and a wire fence stretching for about two miles. Then, at a break in the hedge, "there were the Russians." They numbered in the hundreds, Morfett said, and wore coarse denim trousers and cheap checked shirts. "They looked in their early 20s, and were beefy

Red army, totaling about 4,000, along with a growing armory ranging from rifles to missiles (see box opposite).

Back in Moscow, Khrushchev obviously enjoyed what he had wrought. In a gratuitous slap in the face for the U.S. and President Kennedy, he announced that "during the stay in the U.S.S.R. of Ernesto Guevara Serra [better known as Che] . . . the government of the Cuban republic addressed the Soviet government with a request for help by delivering armaments and sending technical specialists for training Cuban servicemen. Agreement was reached. As long as aggressive imperialist quarters continue threatening Cuba, the Cuban republic has every justification for taking measures to ensure its security . . . while all Cuba's true friends have every right to respond."

Fragile Republics. Behind Khrushchev's arrogant new gesture lay more than the desire to add a new cold war pressure point only 90 miles off the U.S. coast. The Kremlin wants to hold Cuba as a base for the eventual subversion of all Latin America. Against a Castro-Khrushchev alliance defying the U.S. with impunity, wielding a war machine

CASTRO'S COMMUNIST ARSENAL

CONVERSION of Fidel Castro's Cuba to a Communist island fortress in the Caribbean began with the arrival of Czech-made ZB R-2 .30-cal. rifles from Baltic ports in August of 1960. By mid-1961, the U.S. Defense Department was estimating that Castro had received \$100 million worth of Soviet-bloc armaments. Since then, the estimate has jumped to \$175 million at the minimum. The sheer bulk of arms is staggering: 400,000 tons. A study of Castro's arsenal, based on the best available intelligence:

Missiles

Castro's newest weapons are short-range guided missiles. On land, he has the Soviet's stubby SA-2 anti-aircraft rocket, a solid-fuel ground-to-air missile similar to the U.S.'s Nike-Ajax. A nest of six SA-2s is already installed and operational under camouflage at Bahía Honda, 45 miles from Havana. Radar guided, the anti-aircraft weapons can reach targets within a 30°-slant range of from 25 to 27 miles, or as far straight up as 60,000 feet. Another SA-2 site is reported under construction in Matanzas, 60 miles east of Havana, and more rocket batteries are expected eventually to guard all key Cuban military installations and cities. At sea, Castro's newly acquired Russian Type 100 torpedo boats boast the firepower of a small destroyer, with the addition of new ship-to-ship missiles whose 15-mile range makes them deadly against thin-skinned transports.

Electronics

Many of the newly arrived 4,000 Red troops are electronics and radar technicians sent to install and man Castro's first missiles. The SA-2 rockets require extensive guidance radar. Other Russians will operate 250-mile-range surveillance radar and electromagnetic tracking posts to monitor Cape Canaveral shots and to aid orbiting Russian cosmonauts who have heretofore had no land-based station in the Western Hemisphere. Already in Cuban waters are five Russian 750-ton fishing trawlers, loaded to the gunwales with electronic gear.

Aircraft

Some 200 Czech-trained Cuban pilots are now equipped with 25 MIG-15s, 45 MIG-17s, and 20 supersonic MIG-19s. Converted transport pilots have taken over the controls of 24 recently-delivered Mi-4 combat helicopters, 20 AN-2 biplanes and eight twin-engined Ilyushin transports.

Seapower

Pride of Castro's fleet is the still-commissioned *Granma*, the 74-ft. yacht from which he launched his revolution

in December 1956. But for the rest of the 5,500-man Cuban navy, six Russian destroyers are being acquired to add to a pre-Castro flotilla of a dozen U.S.-built corvettes. From seven to ten 40-knot, missile-armed torpedo boats are known to have already arrived as deck cargo from Russia.

Tanks

Cuban drivers have been trained to handle 75 Korea-vintage 35-ton T-34 tanks, 25 old 51-ton Joseph Stalin IIs and 100 new 40-ton T-54s, the last

Small Arms

Available to Castro's militiamen and regulars are 65,000 new Belgian FN rifles and 125,000 Czech automatic rifles, 200,000 Communist-bloc burp guns and assorted small arms, 3.5-in. antitank bazookas and more than 5,000 heavy mortars.

Troops

Castro's 300,000 militiamen are loosely trained, but carry impressive automatic-weapons firepower. For them and



equipped with night-fighting infra-red sights and mounted with 100-mm. guns.

Artillery

Backing up its ground-to-air rockets, Red Cuba has more than 2,000 flak guns in position, mostly Skoda-made 30-mm. and 40-mm. Scattered through Havana and around the Russian camps, the anti-aircraft weapons include four-barreled ZPU-4 Czech dual-purpose guns—the Castro-beloved "cuatro bocas" (four mouths) that helped repel the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invaders—as well as newer, heavier-caliber radar-guided skysweeper guns. Poking over Havana's sea wall are long 85-mm. cannons; poised at the ends of military roads leading to the U.S. base at Guantánamo is new 155-mm. motorized artillery capable of assault at 40 m.p.h. For combat support, there are 1,000 pieces of field artillery, including truck-mounted, multibarreled Russian rocket launchers.

the 50,000-man regular army, durable Communist General Enrique Lister, 55, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, is busy working up a new table of organization, and has instituted a highly efficient system of training and discipline. Some 80,000 militia had already received two months' field weapons training from Czech, Russian, East German and Red Chinese military advisers prior to the arrival of the latest 4,000 Russian military technicians. From the militia's *jóvenes rebeldes* (young rebels), a spit-and-polish elite corps of 3,500 has been recruited and put through rugged training that included scrambles up and down Cuba's highest mountain, Pico Turquino (6,560 ft.) with full battle pack. When they appeared in starched green fatigues outside the cactus fence around the U.S. Naval base at Guantánamo, even the U.S. Marines inside were impressed at their highly military bearing and polish.

PEOPLE

Turning up at ground-turning ceremonies for a new, \$50,000 library in the Manhattan suburb of South Salem, N.Y. (pop. 500) was ex-Vice President, ex-Progressive Party Presidential Candidate and now Gentleman Farmer **Henry A. Wallace**, 73, a well satisfied borrower from the old library. While furrowing away on his 115-acre farm (chickens, gladioli, hybrid corn) nearby, Wallace had asked the little, 9,500-book library to find him a rare edition of a 400-page treatise published in 1766 called *Histoire Naturelle du Fraisier* (Natural History of the Strawberry Plant). Sure enough, after shelling out \$500 for a surety bond, the library got it from the New York Botanical Gardens. Wallace hopes to incorporate some of the book's sketches into a last-word tome he himself is writing on the history of the plant. "It will be a nice colorplate job," he said, "that will be sure to lose money."

Ill lay: former Ambassador to Russia **Llewellyn E. Thompson**, 58, stricken with a kidney-stone attack while going on the Air Force Academy course near Colorado Springs; and former President **Herbert Hoover**, 88, still recuperating in a Manhattan hospital after the removal two weeks ago of a tumor in his upper colon that doctors announced last week was cancerous, but of a type that seldom recurs or spreads.

Her summer circuit of the golf links a double-eagle success, National Women's Amateur Golf Champion **JoAnne Gunderson**, 23, was resting up in Providence, R.I., calmly planning to open a new nursery school. Behind her, the 1954 hole crowd was still buzzing over the bold gamble that clinched her championship.



GOLFER GUNDERSON
Swinger.

When a tee shot sank in a sand trap during the final round at Rochester, N.Y., fortnight ago, the bold blonde pulled a real surprise out of her bag. As a stunned gallery watched, and a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** photographer snapped away, JoAnne blasted her way out of the trap with—for heaven's sake—a No. 1 wood, instead of the normal wedge. The ball plunked down just a few feet from the edge of the green, and she made her par 4, went on to win the tournament. "I always go for broke," said JoAnne. "It's a shot most women golfers don't know how to play, but it's a shot all golfers should learn—all the men use it."

Undone at having grounded one of the highest flyers in the international set, German Playboy **Gunter Sachs**, 29, could not keep from babbling the news to everyone he knew. Iran's former **Queen Soraya**, 30, had consented to be his. But as news of the betrothal spread, the Iranian earth-



SORAYA & SACHS
No ring on her finger.

quakes struck. The ex-queen, feeling she "could make no step in her private life when thousands of people in her homeland had fallen victims to such a horrible catastrophe," postponed it all.

"A lot of people call us little old ladies in witches' hats," said **Mrs. Fred J. Toozie**, 60, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, "but we've stuck to our guns for years." Mrs. Toozie then predicted that Prohibition would make a comeback in ten years or so, and confidently informed 365 fellow teetotalers at the group's annual convention in 86-proof Miami that "the liquor industry is worried about us."

"She has the most fantastic figure since Venus de Milo—absolutely perfect," recalled one disarmed Hollywood gent who retains fond memories of French Actress **Agnes Laurent**, 26, although she once bopped him. Not so for Cinema Scion Arthur Loew Jr., 35, who was rushed to the emergency room of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to have nine stitches



ACTRESS LAURENT
Slinger.

taken in his profile after the quick-firing actress slung a snifter of brandy at him during a similar tantrum at a Hollywood restaurant "because Arthur kept needing me." After filing a criminal assault report, which he later declined to press, Loew maintained that Miss Laurent's charms escaped him. "She has reddish hair," he said, "and I don't remember the color of her eyes. I'd like to forget her completely."

"If you ask me if I have had a happy life, I must say no. I have had an extremely unhappy life." Withal, the unkind years have merely honed the battle-ax wit of England's oddball poetess **Dome Edith Sitwell**, who, upon turning 75, looked ahead to her official birthday celebration at London's Festival Hall next month. There, she insists, she will appear baroque bedecked in a red velvet gown, black-and-gold turban and massive gold necklace. She then manned the ramparts to defend her medieval eccentricities. "I think it is a mistake to dress like a mouse," she said. "Except when it comes to bravery, we are a nation of mice. We dress and behave with timid circumspection. Good taste is the worst vice ever invented."

The name is the same, and "obviously it is going to help," said Attorney General **Robert Kennedy**, 36, of brother Teddy's run for a Massachusetts senate nomination. But lest his 30-year-old little brother count too much on family connections, Bobby managed to raise the homely political platitude to new frontiers of obviousness: "If he doesn't have the stuff himself, if he won't go out and work, if he doesn't know the issues, if he doesn't know what he's talking about, if he makes a fool of himself, if he can't answer questions, if he gets in a debate and can't stand up—then he's going to lose."



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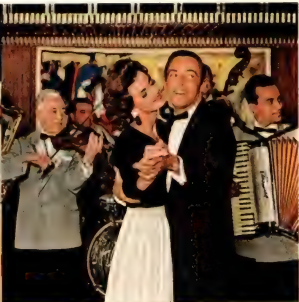
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Italian Line

EDUCATION

Focus on Prince Edward

Peaceably in Atlanta, heatedly in New Orleans, the South last week went ahead desegregating its schools—notably, this year, its Roman Catholic parochial schools. Less in evidence than in any recent year were the contorted faces of picketers crying "Nigger, go home!" And more conspicuous by contrast was Virginia's Prince Edward County (pop. 14,121), the only U.S. community to close all its public schools rather than desegregate them. In 1861 Prince Edward County was the scene of General Robert E. Lee's desperate last-ditch retreat toward Appomattox. Now this tobacco-growing farmland 70 miles southwest of Richmond is the scene of the nation's most desperate rearguard action against school integration.

Pinched Pockets. Prince Edward in 1959 abruptly cut off tax support for its 21 segregated public schools (seven white, 14 Negro), padlocked them, and set up the Prince Edward School Foundation—a "private" school system for 1,325 white children who took their lessons in churches, public halls and a \$256,000 private high school built last year in Farmville, the county seat. For three years most of Prince Edward's 1,400 Negro children have gone without formal education.

In the first year, contributions paid nearly all the whites' tuition. Second year, state and county grants covered it except for \$15 per pupil that parents paid. When a federal court outlawed that, the Prince Edward Foundation last year was forced to charge an average tuition of \$241.80—pinching many a poor white farmer's pocketbook. This summer came another pinch: Federal Judge Oren R. Lewis ordered Prince Edward to submit a plan to reopen public schools for both races "at the earliest practical date." The county submitted nothing remotely acceptable.

"Blot on Virginia." Since the Virginia state constitution guarantees free public schools throughout the state, closing some but not others is a patent violation of the 14th Amendment's "equal protection" clause. (This fall the whole state of Virginia expects 1,200 Negroes in 130 desegregated schools.) Thus Prince Edward's Negroes have a legal weapon: they can push to stop state funds for all public schools in Virginia.

They have not yet done so. Meanwhile Virginians are fast realizing that Prince Edward's refusal to educate Negroes is not only "a blot on the county and on Virginia," as the *Roanoke World-News* recently snapped, but also a threat to every other community—for in the last resort, either Prince Edward gives in or all the public schools in the state must close.

In a hearing at week's end, Judge Lewis put off that Draconian measure, instead urged both sides to seek a ruling from the State Supreme Court of Appeals which could then be taken to a Federal Appellate Court. If Judge Lewis's position is upheld, odds are that he will first repeat his order

of this summer, hoping for a compromise that keeps private schools open for whites but reopens public schools for Negroes.

Meanwhile, Prince Edward's Negro children are in an appalling bind. Says one Negro girl: "Here I am 15, and it looks like I'll be 30 before I get through high school."

Sadly watching Farmville's white kids scampering into their handsome private high school last week, Negro youngsters went on chasing cats, working in the tobacco fields, staring at comic strips (some ten-year-olds cannot read), and wishing they could go to the local moviehouse (no Negroes allowed). Apathy infected many, but others girded for eventual vic-

separation. The obvious need is an American college, and two years ago a Paris-based State Department official named Lloyd A. DeLamater quit his job and set about launching one.

DeLamater, who holds a Ph.D. in economics from the Sorbonne, got advice from such experts as Frank Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board. With himself as dean, he rounded up such trustees as Director Ian F. Fraser of the American Library in Paris. For a campus, the American Church in Paris contributed its neo-Gothic Activities Building on the Seine-side Quai d'Orsay.

Coed and nonsectarian, American College in Paris is a two-year liberal arts school that requires college board aptitude exams for entrance, takes only students who aim for later transfer to first-class



COUNTY'S "PRIVATE" WHITE HIGH SCHOOL



COUNTY'S SCHOOL-LESS NEGROES

In Lee's wake, a desperate rearguard action.

tory. To the calypso tune of *Day-O*, they sat on sagging porches singing.

My ma is scared and my pa is too,

So it's up to me and it's up to you.

Freedom, freedom, freedom's coming
and it won't be long.

They closed the schools and they locked
the door.

But the day is coming when they won't
no more.

U.S. College in Paris

For Americans, going to college in Paris has traditionally assayed high in romance (a garret out of *La Bohème*, professorial brilliance in a drafty Sorbonne classroom) and low on education (the French was hard to follow, the credits usually nontransferable). Last week, in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, a school opened to provide both Parisian culture and American credits.

How to get such an education is the annual problem of some 4,000 college-ready children of Americans living in France or neighboring countries. Going home is costly and involves long family

U.S. campuses. Apart from a few foreigners, the first 100 students are all the children of Americans stationed everywhere from France, Germany and Spain to Iceland, Malaya and Viet Nam.

Dean DeLamater is starting on a shoe-string budget of \$57,000, derived entirely from student fees of only \$570 a year. What makes this possible is his big hidden asset: the 300 or more U.S. professors who descend on Paris each year for research and sabbaticals. They can be had for part-time teaching at such modest fees that American College is opening with 15 seasoned scholars, including Dartmouth Sociologist George Theriault, Holyoke Government Professor Claire Doubrovsky and Cornell's African expert, Political Scientist Elizabeth Landis.

Having no dormitories of their own, DeLamater's students live at home with French families or in international student dormitories for about \$14 a month. They can eat at Left Bank student restaurants for 25¢ a meal. Apart from books and clothes, they can live and learn for as little as \$1,100 a year.

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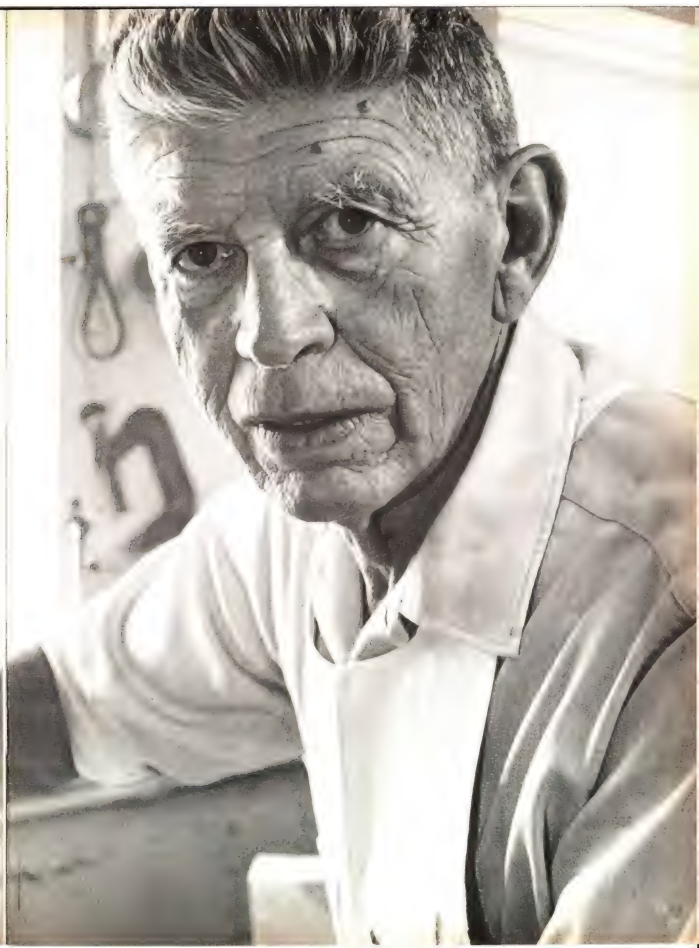
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MODERN LIVING



HI-FI FANS AT CHICAGO MUSIC FAIR
Around and around and around.

HOBBIES

The Shape of Tape

When it took over some abandoned German positions during World War II, the U.S. Signal Corps stumbled on a discovery that was destined to revolutionize the life and times of that hardy American hobbyist, the hi-fi addict. The signalmen found magnetic tape and equipment superior to any then developed in the U.S. What they wrought back home by their find was evident last week at the Chicago World's Fair of Music and Sound. Tape is the hottest thing in hi-fi today, and the tape industry is wooing the public this fall as it never has before.

For his home, today's hi-fi addict can buy extra-thin tape capable of cramming eight hours of monaural sound onto one tape reel—all of Beethoven's nine symphonies plus his five piano concertos. For his car he can buy "magic memory" machines designed to fit over the transmission hump and record his dictation en route or music received on the car radio. There are devices on which six people can listen simultaneously to the *1812 Overture* on six different earphones at six different volumes; there are "perpetual motion" tape machines that, once started, spew forth repetitious music endlessly.

Musical Stunts. Tape's impact on commercial recording followed soon on the Signal Corps discovery: the adoption of 33 r.p.m. as a standard speed for records would have been less practical had not tape-splicing techniques done away with the necessity of a perfect studio performance. Tape also made possible such stunts as Jascha Heifetz' singlehanded recording of the Bach *D Minor Concerto* for Two Violins and the famed recording of Patti Page singing the *Tennessee Waltz* over her own voice. But music lovers did not

at first welcome prerecorded tape with open ears, despite its admitted advantages (virtually no surface noise or deterioration, plus fewer interruptions). It cost more than records, was harder to handle, and for a time was produced in a bewildering variety of widths and speeds.

Some prices have come down (most stereo tapes are \$2 or \$3 more than LP stereo records); the tape itself has been more or less standardized—and the market has begun to boom. RCA's prerecorded-tape sales are up 50% over last year, and the Harrison Catalogue of Stereophonic Tapes lists 2,782 releases. As for tape machines, their sales increased by some 27% in two years—from 435,000 to 550,000—and some manufacturers predict an annual sale of 1,000,000. Last year \$50 million in new tapes was sold.

Clubs & Jargon. The real bounce in the tape market is provided by home tapers who like to do their own recording—either from radio broadcasts or from borrowed LPs (a \$12 album can be put on tape costing about \$4). Although recording from broadcasts is a definite copyright violation, the tapers went at it even more vigorously last year, after the advent of FM-stereo broadcasting.

Home tape fans have even organized themselves into clubs (such as World Tape Pals, with more than 5,000 members and local chapters known as "reels") and correspond with each other by tape. Most of them are strenuous collectors of gadgets—head demagnetizers, bulk erasers, splicers—and tend to value a performance in direct ratio to how rare it is. A currently prized item: Pianist Glenn Gould playing Brahms's *D Minor Concerto* with the New York Philharmonic this spring—and Conductor Leonard Bernstein's speech disclaiming any responsibility for the performance.

FASHION

A Haughty Year

Depending on which foreign film actress was in vogue, U.S. women over the past few years have tangled their hair until it swelled out to blimp proportions or plastered it down on their skulls as if it were Saran Wrap. Now hair is headed in the only remaining direction: up, up, up. Last week Saks Fifth Avenue Hair Stylist Adrian, the personally trained protégé of Saks's famed Antoine, offered the U.S. the look that topped this summer's Paris collections—swirling, soaring swatches of hair that take off into the sky like the aftermath of atomic attack. Unlike wigs, which cover the whole head, the new hair pieces do not hide the original hair but are attached to it with pins and go on from there.

"Practical and elegant," says Adrian. "That's what the new look's about. You're having lunch in town and you've got this gala to go to at night, so you put the hair piece in a bag and take it with you, and with four hairpins you've got your elegance." Upkeep is nominal; an occasional dusting or a once-over with the vacuum keeps the topknot topnotch. And many of Adrian's wiglets, unlike the French designs, go up and out in living color. Although "Les Plumes" fans out to three all-brunette coils, "Celestial Arc" works its spectral way from pale lavender on the top to ash blond at the lower level. "Flamingo" starts out peach-pink and ends up a deep gold. "It's what nature does," says Adrian. "Your trees, your flowers, your limbs, your leaves—everything's all light at the top and real dark at the bottom."

Nature is rarely so expensive; Adrian's new hair pieces cost anywhere from \$75 for a ready-made, solid-color version to the custom-made, mass-splendored thing at \$500. Adrian (real name: René A. Caricari), who claims to have invented the side wave, the wing wave, the beehive and the Psyche look, will put his hair pieces on view next week for the first time (atop mannequins in Saks's Manhattan windows). He steadily insists that they are more than a passing fancy. "The look for this fall, and next year (too) is pure elegance," he says. "No more will the afternoon look do for the nighttime. Mark my words, we've got a slightly haughty year ahead."



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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

The Runaways

Since Hollywood is not an actual city, it has gradually become anyplace where films are made. Long ago, Hollywood spread itself out all over the world. All that is left in California is Los Angeles with a hole in it, like a waffle grill that has committed suicide.

Of 38 American films now in production, 21 are so-called runaways. Last week the following locations were among the more interesting of the current world-wide Hollywoods:

- **Kyoto.** Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark and George Chakiris are starring in a film called *Flight from Ashiya*, a hands-across-the-Pacific opera about U.S. airmen who rescue some Japanese sailors during World War II. A Japanese film company is co-producing the picture with Harold Hecht. Flacks have been busy stressing *Ashiya's* monumental "humanism," and Japanese newspapers are suggesting that the principals are men of depth and tradition.

Greek-American George Chakiris has been described in print as "a man right out of Greek mythology." Onetime Dramatics Instructor Widmark is frequently billed as "a university lecturer." Brynner, whose Super Blue Blade head is as smooth as ice-cold Crisco, has won the rapt admiration of countless head-shaven Buddhist nuns and Zen monks. The Japanese refer to all three actors as *bunkajin* (men of culture). Trying to talk like *bunkajin*, the actors have come up with some pretty distinguished bunk. "I'm deeply interested in the serene movement which characterizes Japanese dancers specializing in traditional schools," says Chakiris, never fluffing the line. "I think I have a lot to learn from the symbolism

of Kabuki acting," pontificates Brynner. Languid Suzy Parker, who plays a Red Cross nurse, seems to have less Nippophobia than the boys. Would she pose in a kimono, please? Not a chance.

On the set, concord prevails. In the first day's shooting, Director Michael Anderson (*Around the World in 80 Days*) completed an entire scene in half an hour. "Nothing to it," he said. He may be right.

- **THE PLAINS OF CASTILE.** Samuel (*King of Kings*) Bronston is back in Spain. This time he has built a 70-acre replica of Peking, mainly out of 1,320,000 feet of steel tubing, but replete with tiered pagodas and gilt roofs shining in the sun. He has dug a canal, surrounded the metropolis with a 40-ft.-high wall, and filled the streets with Chinese from London and Marseille. He has a cast of 6,500, and when he needs quiet for a take, he blows an air-raid siren. In the immediate foreground, he has Ava Gardner, Paul Lukas, Flora Robson, David Niven and Charlton Heston.

In fact, Bronston has everything but a final script. No one knows precisely what the film is about. Shot in Super Technirama-70, it is to be called *55 Days at Peking*. It more or less intends to describe what happened to the 500 Westerners who withstood a Boxer siege there in 1900. A Bronston flack admits that Bronston is seeking "a compromise of accuracy and suspense." Coolies are lying under cork trees, while writers are working like coolies, and new Confucuses arrive on every plane.

David Niven, at least, seems to know what is going on. "It's a classic story of good Boy Scouts," he says. "An open-air western in Chinese." Charlton Heston, on the other hand, is serious about his work almost to the point of provoking pity.

He is honored to be re-creating what he describes as "the first example of allied cooperation, and the first stirrings of the sleeping giant of China. I hope both the human and political points emerge." Says Niven: "If the politics come through we're doomed."

- **PALERMO.** Director Luchino Visconti talking: "L'ai, vai, tutti aganti, l'a ben-Prends-lui la main, Alain. Now Burt come slowly forward. A little more to the right. Silenzio. That's perfect." In the terrible summer heat of Sicily, Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*) is pushing an international cast through the film version of Giuseppe di Lampedusa's novel *The Leopard*. Alain is France's Alain Delon. The hand he is taking belongs to Tunis-born Claudia Cardinale. And "Boori" as the Sicilians call him, is Lancaster himself, playing the moribund Prince of Salina.

It is so hot in Palermo that each day's shooting does not begin until 8 p.m.; then it goes on until 4 a.m. This pleases 20th Century-Fox, co-producers of the picture with Italy's Titanus Productions, since Fox might have saved \$10 or \$20 million had the same discipline prevailed during the shooting of *Cleopatra*. Moreover, Actress Cardinale has to keep herself covered with relatively unprovocative raiment in order to preserve her milky white skin for the corset-and-crimoline atmosphere of the story. She often goes around Palermo in a high-necked, long-sleeved sweater and a bikini bottom, describing herself as so much "chocolate ice cream with lots of whipped cream on top."

The only other people who have been working this summer in Sicily are the Mafia; and wherever the film crew has gone, hoods have tried to shake it down. But aristocratic Director Count Don Luchino Visconti di Modrone has clobbered the Mafia at every turn. When their threats grew too intense, he simply left for

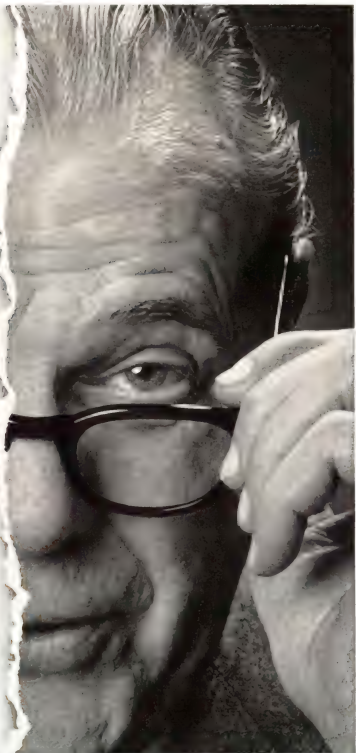


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another town, provoking political upheavals in the vacated town where the flow of movie cash had been cut off.

• **MUSIC.** During World War II, Allied prisoners in the Nazis' Stalag 3 simultaneously dug three escape tunnels—starting from barracks latrines, descending 30 feet, then going hundreds of feet under barbed wire and minefields. They called the tunnels Tom, Dick and Harry; Tom and Dick were never finished; the Gestapo discovered them and blew them up. Some 75 men, however, eventually went through Harry and fanned out into Germany. Only two got out of the country (via the Rhine); 24 were caught and returned to Stalag 3; 50 were shot upon discovery.

In the Bavarian forests near Munich, Producer-Director John Sturges has rebuilt Stalag 3, and his *Great Escape* shows promise of being the best P.O.W. picture since *Stalag 17*—closely following the best-selling personal-experience story written by Paul Brickhill. Underground, Tom, Dick and Harry are ingenious; they are rigged up with improvised cable cars, electric lights and pumping stations. But above ground the prison camp has an authenticity that is frightening, and visitors instinctively flinch under the guard towers high above masses of barbed wire.

In Munich's student quarter, meanwhile, a Jerry stock market has been set up. Young German brokers buy and sell the chits that students receive when they are hired as extras. Each slip of paper entitles its bearer to work for one day for \$7.50—or simply to collect \$1.25 if it rains and shooting is called off. When the weather reports are favorable, chits are traded for as much as \$2.50. Inclement offerings will send the asking price plummeting as low as 50¢. Of course the brokers take 10% rain or shine.

• **SALERNO.** Writer Carl Foreman arrived in Italy last week with a large cast and crew determined to correct his earlier failures. Somehow, says Foreman, *The Bridge on the River Kwai* and *The Guns of Navarone* got out of hand, and although they were blazingly successful, failed to deliver his central message: "I feel that all we won in the last war was the license to have another. I am trying to reflect the bitterness and disappointment my generation feels. There's a larger theme, that any war, big or little, just or unjust, always degrades the victors equally with the vanquished, and that any war always carries the seeds of another. The only way to change all this is somehow to stop it now."

His new movie is called *The Victors*. This time Foreman has not only written the script; he is also producing the movie and, for the first time, directing. Based on Alexander Baron's *The Human Kind*, the picture will have no hero: it is a vast collection of vignettes following the war from 1942 to a confrontation between a U.S. soldier and a Russian soldier in late 1945. Its stars—including Eli Wallach, George Hamilton, Peter Sellers, Vincent (Ben Casey) Edwards, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider and Melina Mercouri—are so numerous that *The Victors* may turn into *The Second Longest Day*. But

there is no cause for alarm in the lofty moral tones of Carl Foreman's third inaugural. Foreman, by his own definition, is just a born failure. *The Victors* should be just as tremendous a flick as *The Bridge on the River Kwai* and *The Guns of Navarone*. If the message comes through, it will be prepaid.

MOVIES ABROAD

Blue-Eyed Boy

When American movie actors come suddenly to fame, they are often top-heavy with inexperience, running dangerously before a full gale of publicity. With English actors, it is usually the other way round: their training and experience are so solid that their achievement of prominence seems inevitable rather than lucky.

The latest of these is Tom Courtenay, who plays the young delinquent hero in the film version of Alan Sillitoe's *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. He looks like malnutrition itself—hollow cheeks, hair too long, sallow skin that seems to harbor a tic. He might well have been plucked off the streets by some director casting a social-protest story. He was raised, as a matter of fact, in the slums of Hull. But he was educated at the University of London, trained by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and apprenticed by the Old Vic.

Delicate Equilibrium, Albert Finney became an international star when *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* was circulated around the world. *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, scheduled for release in the U.S. this autumn, is an equally good film, and Courtenay's performance has all the detailed excellence of Finney's. He plays Colin Smith 993, an inmate at Her Majesty's Borstal prison at Ruxton Towers. The place is a stately old home landscaped with barbed wire (Sillitoe's way of saying "this scented isle"). Smith, son of a factory worker, is the natural enemy of the Establishment. He is a convicted burglar who feels no guilt, only odium. The one thing he can do well is run. The warden (Michael Redgrave) trains him as the long-distance runner who will triumph for the Borstal prison in the first sports day ever arranged between the boy convicts and the amiable young gentry from a nearby school. But this only sets the boy up to establish a sort of world's record in basic hatred, which he sets at the startling finish of the race and the picture.

To prepare for the role, Courtenay studied photographs of Czechoslovakian runner Emil Zatopek, showing a face contorted by the strain of the marathon. Behind a camera truck, Courtenay ran for mile after mile, imitating Zatopek. But the real skill of his performance is more apparent when he is testing the roadworthiness of a stolen car, sitting home watching a peer on the telly, or walking a Skegness beach with his girl. In the first instance he displays pure boyish enthusiasm, then boyish iconoclasm, then a thoroughgoing experience of love. In each case, the emotion comes through as basic-

ally right but begrimed in an unhealthy context, which is what the film is trying to express from start to finish. Consistently, Courtenay preserves a delicate equilibrium between sympathy and repulsion; he manages to suggest a worthless hood who might have been a gifted contributor to another society—not a nice chap gone wrong, but rather a congenitally wrong one who might have gone right. Because this sort of role is so easy as a cliché (the whore with the 14-carat heart), it is extraordinarily difficult to do honestly. Courtenay does it with an honesty so ruthless that it makes the film profoundly depressing.

Bitten Finney. Bright, miserably shy and introverted, Courtenay himself is the living opposite of the boy he plays on film. His father spent his working lifetime painting trawlers. "The only way he could



COURTENAY IN "RUNNER"
Balancing sympathy with repulsion.

have earned less than he did was not to have worked at all," says Tom. But instead of filling him with resentment, Courtenay's humble beginnings inspired him. Under Britain's weed-killing series of national examinations, only one in thousands from a background like Courtenay's ever receives more than an elementary education. Courtenay was the one. He was a "blue-eyed boy"—so the English put it—winning scholarships all the way to the university level.

First applauded by critics for his Konstantin in the Old Vic's 1960 production of *The Seagull*, he later spread his reputation in a TV role as an army private who spoils a mission by breaking silence with the cry that he is having a vision of God. But Courtenay's merit as a star was not secured until he replaced Albert Finney last year in the West End's long-running *Billy Liar*. Critics who had sllobbered all over Finney for his dazzling performance in the role watched Courtenay do it, then turned and bit Finney. Finney's great performance, they decided, had been "outside the play" compared with Courtenay's wellsprings of insight.

SPORT

Falling Free

It was a meeting of the steel-nerved, a championship of far-out, far-up sport, and the finest things about it were hidden by clouds and distance. For spectators at Orange, Mass., last week, the World Sport Parachuting Championships held bleak rewards: the sight of countless parachutes floating down, enough accidents to add the thrill of danger. But for the chutists, there was the intoxicating sensation of man flying on his own, guiding his long, downward swoop through the atmosphere.

Invisible Stunts. Points are awarded in sport parachuting both for accuracy (trying to hit the exact center of the 328-ft. target area from as high as 1,500 meters) and style, in which sky divers somersault and turn by wagging their outstretched arms. The classic form for a sustained free fall is an ecstatic swan dive, the jumper falling spread-eagled and belly down, his back deeply arched. A roll of the head, a dip of the hands, a hunch of the shoulders—any movement will alter his fall. The body acts as a primitive airfoil and expert sky divers use it to control the speed and direction of their plunge. Officials lying flat on their backs study and judge the falling forms through binoculars, but to most spectators the jumpers become visible only when their chutes open.

The championships—sixth in world competition, and first to be held in the U.S.—drifted through three weeks of score-tallying before individual victors could be determined: 23-year-old ex-Paratrooper Jim Arender of Tulsa, Okla.,

for the men; Mrs. Muriel Simbro of Van Nuys, Calif., for the women. The former champions were both Czechs. The U.S. women's team was a surprise winner of the women's team accuracy event, and the men's team, which finished a dismal fourth last time, was second only to Czechoslovakia, 6,440 points to 6,390. Russia finished third.

Angry Jumpers. For the contestants, there were frustrations as well as rewards. After living on soup and sandwiches and sleeping on army cots for three weeks, the sky divers were in no mood for philosophic acceptance of Operation Sky Shield, which grounded all civilian aircraft for five hours on the championship's last day of jumping, cutting the last events finals in half. The Russians led an Iron Curtain bloc that argued in favor of using the foreshortened time for individual jumping, instead of the shorter team accuracy event that U.S. contestants were counting on to raise their overall point standing. Officials ruled for the Russians on grounds that team accuracy had never been considered an official part of past championships. Angry U.S. jumpers delayed things until the meet was declared ended, with the Czechs victors, then went home mad.

But they could not dull the delight of at least one jumper, Yugoslavia's Milan Knor, 23, who climaxed his part of the competition by asking for political asylum in the U.S. As for his showing in the championships (26th in 97), Knor might have explained to his departing teammates that it was not so bad, considering that he joined the team merely to get out of Communist Yugoslavia.

Winking In

For the visiting British players, the U.S. tour was a ruddy marvel. The five-week campaign carried them from the towers of Manhattan to the arch of the Golden Gate, from the green hills of Stratford, Conn., to the quiet lanes of Philadelphia. They gamely took on all comers, from the New York Giants to a pickup squad of actors and writers at the Bucks County (Pa.) Playhouse Inn. The result after a dozen matches: a dozen triumphs for the Britons. "It appears," said British Team Captain Peter Freeman with sovereign contempt, "that America's best players are only slightly superior to America's worst."

British Stratagems. It may also be that U.S. players are not yet attuned to tiddlywinks. As the British see it, the game is played under two sets of rules—children's and international. Yankee players, when they are able to recall the game at all, play only children's rules, thereby missing the delicate stratagems that color international play. In understanding the international version, two specialized verbs are crucial: to "squidge" is to press a small wink with a large one (the squidger), sending it flipping through the air



SQUIDGER DESQUOPPING

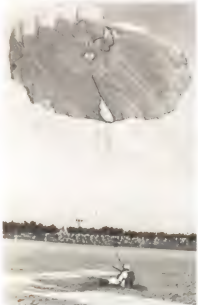
Terrific tension, unbearable pressure.

toward the target cup at the center of the table; to "squop" is to squidge a wink onto an opponent's wink, thereby temporarily retreating the enemy wink from play. A squopped wink cannot be squidged again until it is de-squopped, either by the original squopper or by a squopped player's partner who manages to squidge a third wink atop the second and squall the squopper off.

U.S. players usually manage to recall squidding techniques from their childhood days. But the squop shot is entirely new to them, and on the tour the usual death knell to a strong U.S. squidding attack was the glad British cry, "Well squopped!" The English winners—Freeman, 23, Philip Moore, 21, David Willis, 23, and Elizabeth King, 22—found most U.S. opposition easy, but the easiest was the team of New York Giants, including Offensive Tackle Roosevelt Brown and Halfback Bob Gaiters. The match was defaulted by the Giants. "We apparently were too frightening in our warmup," said Freeman. "Brown would have been putty in my hands."

Shockingly Superior. The most arduous contest was a six-hour winkingathon in San Francisco, in which seven U.S. teams were shut out in quick succession. The touring Britons dashed off a challenge to President Kennedy, asking him to field a team. Back came a meek refusal from Football Coach Bud Wilkinson, the President's consultant on physical fitness: "This challenge is appreciated, but it would be most difficult to assemble here a pickup team that would offer any challenge at all to such a redoubtable group as yours." Last week, when the British winners met the likes of S. J. Perelman and Stage Director-Producer Mike Ellis in Bucks County, there was a hint of opposition. Perelman lost with a debonair, hand-in-pocket flair; Ellis' keen squidding eye and steady wrist made him one of the few Yanks who avoided a shutout.

Good as they looked in the U.S., the British visitors are not champions back home. Playing for the Oxford University Tiddlywinks Society (the OUTS), they won the Prince Philip Silver Wink Tournament last spring, but lost to Bristol



LANDING NEAR TARGET
Downward swoops, ecstatic dives.



He heard a drummer in the forest...



Henry D. Thoreau

YOU CAN'T QUITE grasp all of a man like Henry David Thoreau.

He could sit quietly on a log and confront a woodchuck, and pretty soon get it to give him its paw.

Or get a partridge chick to parade on his palm.

Or get the whisper of the forest to tell him that a fellow should be a part of it, and feel free, and think free—not the way everyone expected him to think.

Thoreau said it like this: *"If a man does not keep pace with his companion, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer . . . let him step to the music he hears."*

He heard his music in the woods of Concord. He built a \$28 hut, chimney and everything, at Walden Pond and he

lived there alone—if you call it alone when you have sky and wild honeysuckle and the woods and its creatures for companions. He lived deep and dreamed deep until he could almost see a universe in a bluebird's eyes, or what life might be all about in the reddening of a leaf. Like acorn to oak, what he thought and wrote has grown to span continents since he died, one hundred years ago.

He asked us to walk tall, self-reliant, free. He walked that way himself, all through our destiny, and we hear his steps now.



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INCO 
INTERNATIONAL NICKEL

in the All-England Tiddlywinks Open. The loss, Freeman explains unblinkingly, was outrageous: "It was merely because we were so shockingly superior that we were inevitably shockingly overconfident."

But it is not whether you win or lose. The game itself is a national asset, says Freeman. "There is an enormous amount of physical strain on wrists and elbows and to the squidding fingers. There is terrific mental pressure and unbearable tension. The game provides excellent mental conditioning. Had the Empire been built on tiddlywinks, perhaps we would never have lost it."

Two to Make Ready

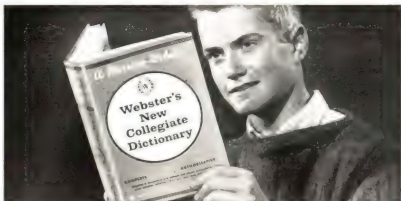
As the time for this weekend's starting gun approached, the word in Newport was "Weatherly in four" in the best-of-seven competition for the America's Cup. Weatherly was ready. Well tuned by the trial races that made her the U.S. defender, she lay in the water for minor ballast shifts. At week's end her crew arrived to pace out the dwindling days before the meeting with the Australian challenger *Gretel*. By contrast, the Australian 12-meter lay inert under the hurried tread of a dozen shipfitters who had come aboard for final, perhaps desperate, changes.

In a month of sailing against the trial horse *Vim*, *Gretel* had shown an alarming tendency to heel over in heavy weather. Hoping to correct it, Sir Frank Packer, head of the syndicate behind the Australian contender, ordered her 60-ft. aluminum mast stepped forward 10 in. Her rigging had to be reset, her deck drilled and patched, her vast sails recut. When *Gretel* slipped off the ways, she still had to test her sheets, still had to learn if the new rigging would let her steer easier in fresh breezes and add a crucial fraction of a knot to her speed.

To beat Weatherly, *Gretel* will have to be superb. All along, the challenger has looked good on the outside, from the cut of her new mainsail to the long curve of her bow. But her weather helm had caused enough concern to signal last week's mast shift. If the shift works, Skipper Jack Sturrock and *Gretel*'s crew will be sailing a new boat; if it does not, the Australians will remain hapless in unruly seas.

After a two-week rest, Skipper Emil ("Bus") Moshbacher and Weatherly's ten-man crew got together again in Newport at week's end. Moshbacher watched *Gretel* under sail after the mast shift and politely pronounced her "very good, very fast" in tacking and bilging drills. Then he set about the business of putting Weatherly back in the water for the final days of practice on the sail trimming and flying starts that made the yacht unbeatable as the defender.

Despite the odds against him, Packer showed that he still kept faith. While *Gretel* was still out of the water and her mast not yet set, word came from Australia that he had jumped at the 5-to-4 odds Australian bookies are giving against him to bet \$22,200 on *Gretel*'s victory.



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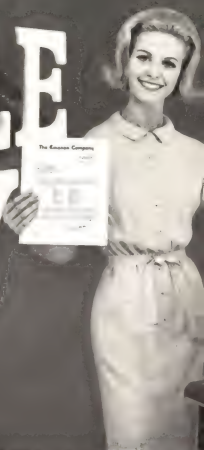
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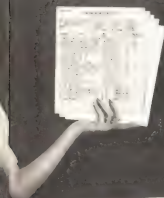
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MEDICINE

Of Men & Mosquitoes

St. Petersburg, Fla., was an embattled city last week. At night, trucks drove through the palm-lined streets and the stands of scrub pine and palmetto, spewing a chemical fog onto houses and tree-tops, all the way to the mangrove swamps lining Florida's Gulf coast. Local citizens were fighting, if not on the beaches, at least in the streets and their own backyards, cleaning out every container in which mosquitoes could find enough water to breed. Bird lovers got a stern official warning: stop feeding the birds or putting out water for them.

The alarm was justified but belated. All through August, St. Pete had recorded a gradual increase in the number of cases of St. Louis encephalitis,¹ an inflammation of the brain caused by a virus that is carried by mosquitoes. City authorities tried to suppress the news, and were helped by the fact that St. Louis encephalitis, or SLE, is hard to diagnose with certainty. But in late August the number of cases increased until last week there were at least 164 (with 50 proved by laboratory tests) and 13 deaths. Elsewhere in Florida 20 more cases were reported, and a Maryland boy died of encephalitis after a visit to Orlando, 100 miles northeast of St. Petersburg. By then the fever was too high to hide.

Avian Reservoir. The St. Petersburg district had had outbreaks of SLE in 1950 (68 cases) and 1961 (25 cases). The area was known to be seeded with the virus, and a fresh outbreak should have come as no surprise. So far as is known, birds are the main natural reservoir of the virus, which is transmitted from bird to bird, and from bird to man, by mosquitoes. Where St. Petersburg's birds got the virus is uncertain, though Floridians chauvinistically blamed migrants from the tropics. Impartial authorities considered it equally probable that St. Petersburg has by now become a reservoir from which the virus is being carried to other regions. Man is an accidental and usually a dead-end receptacle for the virus. Direct man-to-man infection is unknown.

In the great majority of people, especially the young and healthy, SLE is not a serious disease. It is marked mainly by a short spell of fever and a bad headache. This sort of attack leaves no lasting ill effects. But in a few victims, and especially those over 60, a high fever develops rapidly; the headache is so severe that aspirin and even morphine compounds give no relief; there are chills, nausea and vomiting. Some patients go into a coma or convulsions; if they survive such a severe attack they may have suffered permanent brain damage. No medicine does any good against the virus of SLE.

¹ So called because it was first recognized as a distinct disease, different from other forms of encephalitis, in the 1915 outbreak around St. Louis, when more than 1,110 people became ill and 70 died.



FEEDING BIRDS.

The fever was



NIGHT-SPRAYING IN ST. PETERSBURG
too high to hide.

The only prescription is the same as for the common cold: rest, quiet and plenty of fluids.

Doused with DDT. St. Petersburg's problem is twofold. With 25% of its residents aged 65 or older (against a national average of 9%), it is full of people who are susceptible to serious cases of SLE. Many of them also love to feed the birds—even to get them to take seed from their lips. At downtown Mirror Lake last week old folks were feeding pigeons, house sparrows, mockingbirds and grackles, while laughing gulls, ducks and herons splashed in and out of the water. There, in a half-hour, health workers easily caught 70 mosquitoes (*Culex nigripalpus*, one of the species now known to carry SLE virus) in a small trap. At another lake, irate residents stoned health department workers who were trying to trap ducks merely to draw a blood specimen for virus testing.

The second problem is the choice of mosquito control methods. Like most U.S. cities, St. Petersburg has been doused to a fare-thee-well with DDT, but some mosquitoes survived and multiplied. Spraying kills adult insects but usually not their eggs. The only way to get completely rid of them is to destroy their breeding places. Finally, the city authorities are trying to do just that by cleaning up yards and empty lots, getting rid of old tin cans, coconut husks and automobile tires, and everything else capable of holding stagnant water.

Prepaid Medical Care: Nation's Biggest Private Plan

Just 17 miles from downtown Los Angeles, the brand-new Kaiser Foundation Hospital at Panorama City looms above the summer-dried landscape like a pair of upended binoculars. But the rush of patients to the twin seven-story towers this week was far more than a response to architectural novelty. It was a testament to the success of the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan Inc., a repetition of the warm response that greeted the opening of Kaiser's new Medical Office Building at Hayward, near Oakland, fortnight ago, it was

one more impressive statistic to add to the success of the eleven other hospitals and 38 clinics that the foundation operates in California, Oregon and Hawaii.

"Medikaizer," as insiders now call it, is the nation's largest nongovernmental womb-to-tomb program for prepaid health and hospital care. Since World War II it has grown to a grand total of 611,001 members, representing about 337,000 subscribers and their families. Contrary to widespread belief, employees of Tycoon Henry J. Kaiser and his gangling industrial empire make up only 5% of Medikaizer subscribers.

Best in Groups. Anyone in an area served by Medikaizer is eligible to join. And for their money-subscribers get more complete protection than is available from most other forms of U.S. medical insurance. In most of the U.S., Blue Cross pays only hospital bills and Blue Shield pays only surgeons' fees and some doctors' bills. H.I.P. (the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York), runner-up to Kaiser as the nation's biggest prepaid care plan, does not cover hospital bills. Medikaizer covers almost everything.

Among a dozen variants, there is one basic plan. Under this plan, an employee subscriber pays \$7.80 a month for himself, or \$14.20 for himself and wife, or \$18.35 for self, wife and dependents. (If he is part of a group and is over 65, or is an individual member and over 65, he pays an additional \$1.20.) For his dues he and his family are entitled to visit Medikaizer doctors in their offices as often as they like at a charge of \$1 a visit. With two minor exceptions, all operations are done without charge. Patients are entitled to 60 cost-free days of hospitalization for each illness in any year, plus 51 days at half-price; free blood on a replacement basis; a 50% discount on prevailing rates for laboratory work, X rays and physical therapy; free ambulance service; free home calls by nurses; doctors' home calls at \$3.50 a day; \$2 at night (less than half the prevailing West Coast rates). Pregnancy care, through the birth of the baby, costs \$95.

For all this, there are still admitted



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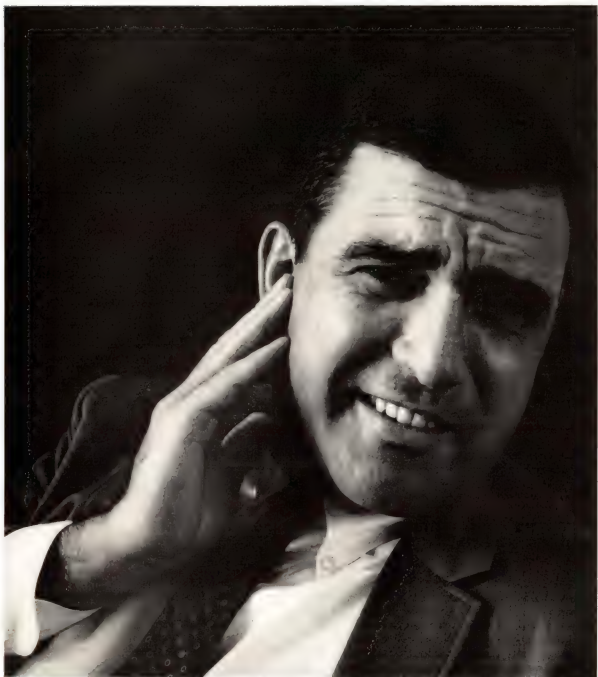
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served. Big drinks. The place is packed full of men for lunch time and dinner. But we won't try to kid you. Some Schrafft's Restaurants are a little like ladies' luncheon clubs, and we wouldn't change them for the world (neither would our ladies). But who's forcing you to go there? Go to the Maidou Room. Go to Schrafft's Men's Grill

in the Chrysler Building or the one in the Esso Building. Go to the Quote Room in the Schrafft's at 48 Broad Street. Or to any of the other patriarchal Schrafft's Restaurants around town. And don't worry about anybody calling you Gertrude—unless, of course, that happens to be your name.

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gaps in what Kaiser can offer. "In care of the aged," laments General Manager Clifford H. Keene, "we are only feeling our way along and haven't found any really good answers yet. We have no real dental care, and only limited psychiatric services." But Kaiser doctors are justly proud of other aspects of their organization. Besides its twelve hospitals, the plan operates a specialized rehabilitation center in Vallejo.

Behind-the-scenes organization is complex—to meet both legal and professional rules. The parent Kaiser Foundation Health Plan (a nonprofit but tax-paying setup) enrolls the members; it then contracts to pay Kaiser Foundation Hospitals (a charitable, non-tax-paying organization) a fixed fee per member per month for hospital care. It also contracts with one of four medical groups (associations of physicians) to provide medical and surgical services for a per capita fee. The hospitals run a research institute and a nursing school. The parent plan builds such facilities as clinics, which it leases to the medical groups. Dapite, Inc. is a planwide subsidiary which prepackages medicines and supplies them at bargain rates to the hospitals and clinics (whose doctors also agree to use mostly generic-named drugs, cheaper than the trademarked equivalents).

"We Run Our Show." Medikaiser is based on two fundamental principles enunciated back in 1932 by Physician Ray Lyman Wilbur, who was Herbert Hoover's Secretary of the Interior. Doctors practice best in groups, Dr. Wilbur argued, because they can instantly call on each other's special skills. Patients, he was convinced, make the best use of doctors' services when they pay for them in advance. But organized medicine bitterly opposed prepaid group practice for years, and much of the antagonism remains.

Perhaps a major factor in Medikaiser's ability to stand up to the opposition of

tradition-minded medicine is the organization of the plan's Permanente[®] Medical Groups. There is one group each for northern and southern California, Oregon and Hawaii. Most of the Permanente doctors are partners in their own organization, in undisputed charge of the medical care supplied to patients. This silences the bitterest opposition of organized medicine, which has always been reserved for any third party's, especially laymen, having any control over the relations between doctors and patients.

Kaiser doctors are, as a group, sympathetic to organized medicine's fears. Says Dr. Cecil C. Cutting, a surgeon who is head of northern California's Permanente group: "Organized medicine has a legitimate worry that prepaid care could open up medicine to lay control. We are the proof that this need not be so. We physicians in these groups run our own show." Dr. Cutting's show is Permanente's biggest, with 278 partners and 142 employed physicians. After two years, employee doctors become "participants," and after a third year they may be elected to partnership. Kaiser hospitals are community hospitals; any fully qualified physician in the area can put in a bid to reserve one of their 2,333 beds for one of his patients. And the hospitals give a great deal of little-publicized charity care.

"Barrier of Cost." Any organization as revolutionary as Medikaiser was bound to stir up storms of controversy about the quality of its medical care and its general effect on the practice of medicine. But impartial medical authorities in California rate Kaiser hospitals' care as "topnotch," and the groups' medical care as "very good."

There is practically no reservation at all in the approval of Dr. Sidney R. Gar-

field, who founded Kaiser-style group practice in the California desert in 1933. Dr. Garfield was responsible for the health of construction workers on the Colorado River Aqueduct. His earliest plan covered only on-the-job injuries, but soon it was extended to all illnesses and injuries. At Grand Coulee Dam and in Kaiser's World War II shipyards, Dr. Garfield broadened his plan to cover workers' families as well. Modern Medikaiser is based on his early experience.

A plan of this type, insists quiet, shy Dr. Garfield, has two built-in advantages. Doctors, he says, do their best when everything they do is overseen and may be reviewed by their colleagues; patients, on the other hand, go to their doctor sooner when there is no "barrier of cost." This makes possible the most rewarding practice of all: preventive medicine. To provide the personal touch, Kaiser subscribers are given a reasonably long list from which to select a general practitioner or internist to serve as their family physician. Some keep the same family doctor for years; on his referral, they get treatment from a specialist in the group. To help subscribers make appointments painlessly, Kaiser medical offices use high-speed desks with lazy-Susan centers for doctors' schedule books.

Medikaiser's immediate future is bright. It has just negotiated a \$35 million loan from banks and insurance companies to refund some of its debt, build five new clinics, build a new 150-bed hospital and medical center in Santa Clara, and make additions to several present hospitals. "And still," sighs Dr. Garfield, "in some areas we can't accept new members because our facilities are limited." Adds Dr. Cutting: "We don't brag about the quality of care we give, but you can judge it from the fact that now when we go out to recruit doctors in the East, we get the cream of the crop."

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The Bolshoi Returns

As the most fabled of a long procession of Hurok-sponsored dance companies to reach the U.S., the Bolshoi Ballet was received in 1950 with curiosity and great gusts of cold-war camaraderie. Last week the Bolshoi was back at the Metropolitan Opera House, and balletomanes were eagerly queuing for tickets in the pelting rain. Some of the carnival air of the first visit was gone—as was the Bolshoi's great ballerina, Galina Ulanova, who now serves the company as a *répétiteur*, i.e., an overseer of rehearsals and performances. But the Bolshoi had brought with it three new ballets, a satchelful of classic favorites and, in Maya Plisetskaya, a prima ballerina with a justly prized and famed technique.

For its three evenings and one matinee last week, the Bolshoi scheduled *Swan Lake* in the same four-act version that it introduced to U.S. fans on its first tour. Looser and more romantic than the version danced by the New York City Ballet or by Britain's Royal Ballet—the two versions most frequently seen in the West—the Bolshoi's *Swan Lake* offers some gaudy passages for soloists. The City Ballet emphasizes the ballet corps more effectively, and both the Royal Ballet and the Kirov Ballet of Leningrad use choreography of greater continuity. The Bolshoi is bent on producing spectacle—and on opening night, the spectacle did not quite come off.

Athletic Skill. There were some fine individual moments—a *pas de trois* danced with capering grace by, among others, Ekaterina Maximova, the company's reigning beauty queen; a lesson in elasticity by Georgi Soloviev as an acrobatic jester; a spasmodic death dance by Vladimir Levashov as the Evil Sorcerer. But Nicolai Fadeychev as a sluggish



SHOSTAKOVICH (CENTER) WITH ROSTROPOVICH & VISHNEVSKAYA
Potentially gifted but persistently disappointing.

and unconvincing Prince, the *corps de ballet* was occasionally ragged, and at times Conductor Yuri Faier had his pick-up orchestra of U.S. musicians pumping away like a steam calliope.

The ultimate success of *Swan Lake* depends on its ballerina, and Plisetskaya was scheduled to dance three complete *Swan Lakes* in three days—a feat roughly equivalent to Whitey Ford's pitching two doubleheaders in a row. Technically, Plisetskaya could do no wrong: equipped with a spring-steel body, she went through her explosive leaps, her wiry extensions and whippet turns with glittering skill. A dancer who is at her best in fiery dramatic roles, she gave the part of Odile an air of barely leashed violence that was consistently effective. But she was less successful as Odette—chiefly because she only occasionally displayed the delicacy and lyric quality the role requires. There was something thin, haunted and anguished about her performance—but little that was soft or warm.

Western Influence. The Bolshoi will remain three weeks at the Met—and then set forth on a ten-week cross-continental tour. In addition to such classics as *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*, the company will give one world and two U.S. premieres. *Ballet School*, a totally new work showing the progress of a dancer from the time of admission to the Bolshoi School until entrance into the company; *Paganini*, one of the new short ballets with which the Bolshoi has been experimenting under the influence of Western companies; *Spartacus*, a gaudy spectacular about the Roman slave revolt. At the Moscow premiere, a Hollywood producer took one stunned look at *Spartacus* and remarked that if Cecil B. DeMille had been "alive to see this, he would drop dead."

The Two Dmitrys

Day after day the small, droll figure in the dark suit hunched forward in the front row of the gallery listening tensely. Sometimes he tapped his fingers nervously against his cheek; occasionally he nodded his head rhythmically in time with the music. In the whole of his productive career, remarked Soviet Composer Dmitry Shostakovich, he had "never heard so many of my works performed in so short a period." This year's Edinburgh Festival was offering no fewer than 25 of his works in three weeks, including six of the symphonies, eight quartets, two concertos. Western observers got their best chance yet to re-evaluate the achievement of the man who remains one of the most patently gifted and persistently disappointing of modern composers.

Persuasive Speech. The festival was organized as a salute to Soviet music in general; along with Shostakovich came Conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, Violinist David Oistrakh, Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich and his wife, Singer Galina Vishnevskaya. (After Pianist Sviatoslav Richter failed to show up, forcing the refund of \$11,200 worth of tickets, the Russians tersely announced that their great virtuoso was resting at home with a mild stroke.) But for all the heavy concentration of glamorous box office names, the center of attention remained Shostakovich, who often could be seen sprinting from one concert hall to another to keep up with the myriad performances of his own works.

At first, Shosty's works were treated kindly by both audiences and critics. The London *Times* had "little doubt that his large output includes feeble pieces as well as masterpieces" but decided that "for



PLISETSKAYA AS ODETTE & ODILE
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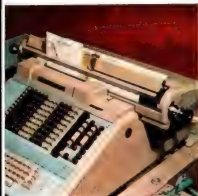
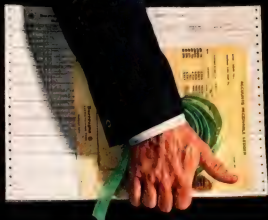
most of us he still speaks persuasively." The *Eighth Symphony* won a standing ovation ("Moments of true greatness," wrote the *Daily Telegraph*), and some listeners found the string quartets—particularly Nos. 3 and 7—to be as fine as any of the orchestral music. But with the Western Premiere of the massive, bombastic *Twelfth Symphony*, the response changed—as if a totally different composer had appeared on the scene. The *Twelfth*, said the *Daily Herald*, was a "crash dive into banality." Wrote Critic Noel Goodwin of the *Daily Express*, noting that the symphony celebrates the October Revolution of 1917: "It is an exhibition of blatant Red flag waving in musical terms. I hope I need never be exposed to it again."

Old Complaint. What obviously incensed many a critic was that a composer of such talent would permit himself to be so bad. It is an old complaint about Shostakovich. In an unusually talkative mood last week, he did his best to scotch one explanation—that having been rapped by the government for "decadence," he now strenuously zigs and zags with the party line. "I was criticized extensively, and I hope I will be criticized in the future. In my country I was praised and criticized quite a lot, and criticism was always meant to help me, not to destroy me. Every artist in the Soviet Union he insisted, "writes the way he wants. Sometimes it seems to me that the definition of revolutionary music is not quite understood in the West. It seems to be thought that the more unusual the sounds you produce the more revolutionary you are. I believe that the content of music does not lie in making some effective sounds but in conveying ideas."

Those ideas, he explained wryly, are often in the mind of the listener, rather than in the music of the composer. Take the religious music of Bach, Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky, which is often played in Russia. "To me, they are wonderful creations, though they do not evoke religious feeling. Religious music contains great compositions, such as the requiems of Mozart and Verdi, but I do not take it as religious music—I take it as secular music." Asked how he now feels about his opera, *A Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, which was denounced by *Pravda* in 1936 (reportedly because Stalin did not like it), Shostakovich revealed that he was rewriting it: "I did not like the old version, in vocal parts I abused high and low registers. This has been corrected."

Shostakovich said that he was an admirer of the earlier works of that old Russian revolutionary Igor Stravinsky, who will visit Moscow this month: "I like his *Petrouchka*, *Rite of Spring*, the symphonies, and all the ballets except the last. His latest works do not seem to belong to him." As for his own works in progress, to which Shostakovich would they belong? The composer gave a hint when he announced that he is about to begin his *14th Symphony* (the *13th* is all but complete). It will be dedicated to Soviet achievements in space.

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THE PRESS

The Fighting Tennessean

While Texas-born Silliman Evans lived, the morning Nashville *Tennessean* (circ. 131,797) was one of the most belligerent newspapers in the South. A hell-for-leather Democrat who left newspapering for a while to work for Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, Publisher Evans held that "no Republican is fit to hold public office." He tried his editorial best to see that none did. He also rang the *Tennessean* like a fire gong, calling attention to corruption and evil wherever he saw it. Cops, ward heelers, city councilmen and even Tennessee's late Political Boss Ed Crump, all bowed to Silliman Evans' journalistic wrath. Then, in 1955, Evans died peace-



PUBLISHER EVANS & SEIGENTHALER®
Filling Pop's shoes.

fully in his sleep, leaving two sons and a characteristic injunction in his will: "Continue to oppose the political machine until it and all its evil works are exterminated."

Cautious Vapidity. But Silliman Evans Jr., who took over as publisher, seemed not to share his father's fighting spirit. He fired the paper's hard-hitting editor, Coleman A. Harwell, and brought in Edward D. Ball, the Associated Press's Nashville bureau chief. Silliman Jr. absented himself frequently on extended tours. Ball focused on cutting costs. The paper turned pale and comatose. The *Tennessean's* publisher was probably more embarrassed than pleased when Assistant City Editor

John Seigenthaler published a 1956 series on teamster corruption in Tennessee that helped impeach Chattanooga Criminal Court Judge Ralston Schofield. As the school-segregation issue shook the South the *Tennessean's* editorials were models of cautious vapidity. Dispirited staffers drifted away. Seigenthaler quit to work for Bobby Kennedy in Washington.

Last year Silliman Jr. died of a heart attack at 36, and five months ago, his younger brother, Amon Carter Evans, 29, came in as boss. Named after the late Amon Carter, Texas booster and sulphurous publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, young Amon had shown early flashes of the same punch that Pop learned as a cub reporter on the *Star-Telegram*. A vice president at 21, Amon preferred chasing police cars to issuing executive commands: once he threatened to break a chair over Seigenthaler's head when assigned to yet another park-concert story. Now the *Tennessean's* new publisher was determined to fan the paper back to life.

Seigenthaler, 35, was recalled from Washington and made editor. Without wasting a day, the *Tennessean* was off on a crusade. It plumped hard and loud for a proposal to roll the city and county governments into one, had the satisfaction of seeing voters in Nashville and surrounding Davidson County solidly agree. It put on more editorial flesh, sent a man to Cape Canaveral missile shoots, sent two more for a look at Russia, another man on a roving tour of Europe.

Down with Fraud. Last week, as a federal grand jury convened in Nashville, Publisher Amon Carter Evans could take the special pride of a son who has succeeded in filling his father's shoes. The jurymen will hear testimony on an election fraud—uncovered by the fighting Nashville *Tennessean* after the Democratic primary last month. In the city's seamy second ward, a political fief controlled by City Councilman Gene ("Little Evil") Jacobs, *Tennessean* newsmen turned up documented evidence that dozens of the ward's absentee ballots, which decided the outcome, had been turned over to the organization for marking.

Horselaughs in the Times

"On the Times, overt display of a sense of humor provokes the sort of suspicion a sex deviate can expect at a policeman's ball." Thus New York Timesman Russell Baker, 36, once explained why he covered Washington with appropriate solemnity. In time, the solemn rounds began to pall; Baker was about to join another paper when the Times suddenly gave him a chance to stray. By last week, calling himself "Observer," Baker was solidly ensconced as the Times's editorial-page satirist.

As a reporter, Baker had been solemn and respectful about the New Frontier; as a columnist, he gives it the horselaugh. He is at his best finding new ways to riddle old targets. Scores of other satirists

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Before portrait of the late Silliman Evans

I Evoking from one staffer this heartfelt tribute: "Death wouldn't attempt to tackle him when he was awake."

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before him have had a go at the presidential press conference, but Baker's very first column topped them all. Sample:

Q: Sir, there has been speculation lately whether in event of an imminent attack on this country you would be willing to press the button. In that connection, sir, could you tell us where you keep the button?

A: These Republican suggestions that Caroline has been playing with the button are not in the national interest . . . I am hopeful that we can soon make a determination about a convenient place to keep the button, because it is not a simple matter for Mr. Salinger to have to carry it over here from the White House every time we have a press conference.

He sighted in on polltakers and polltaker-type columnists with similar resourcefulness and effect

VINCENNES, IND.—Dr. Creswell Bates celebrated American pulsetaker with headquarters at the National Press Club Bar in Washington, turned up here after a pulsetaking tour along the Ohio Valley. A conversation ensued.

Traveler: It's marvelous how you do it, Doctor. I've been traveling the same territory myself, but nobody ever really opens up except filling station attendants and waitresses. I tried to talk to a truck driver at a lunch counter in Salt Lick, Ky., about the Common Market. He looked as if he was about to punch me in the nose, so I dropped the subject. In Palmyra, Ind., I asked a farmer how he felt about Kennedy. "My politics is my business," he said. In Paoli, Ind., I asked a housewife if she was alarmed about Berlin: "If you're another one of those encyclopedia salesmen, you're just wasting your time," she said.

Bates: Very good, very good indeed. It checks perfectly with my own findings in the heartland. The region is tense and therefore in an explosive mood. It would probably support strong measures in Berlin, but would also probably welcome a chance to strike at Kennedy.

Traveler: Isn't that a rather sweeping generalization? After all, the temperature has been nearly 100° for a week . . .

Bates: You'll never make a pulsetaker with that attitude . . .

Traveler: I say to the man, "Fill it up," and while he is cleaning the windshield, very casually: "What's the talk out here about how Kennedy's doing in Washington?" He says, "Oh, you don't hear people talk much about it around here. What's the talk about Jack in Washington?" You wind up giving him a ten-minute analysis of the Washington scene.

Bates: That is the classic example of how not to take a pulse. Has it ever occurred to you that just may not be cut out to be a pulsetaker?

Traveler: What can I say when they ask me back in Washington what the country is talking about?

Bates: What you say if you want to sound like a real pulsetaker is this: Washington is losing touch with the country. Apathy contends with restlessness all along the Ohio Valley, and unless some-



COLUMNIST BAKER
"See the New Frontiersman run."

body in Washington re-establishes contact with the mood of the country there will be some surprised politicians when the ballots are counted this fall.

Traveler: That says absolutely nothing, *Bates:* Precisely, my man. Precisely.

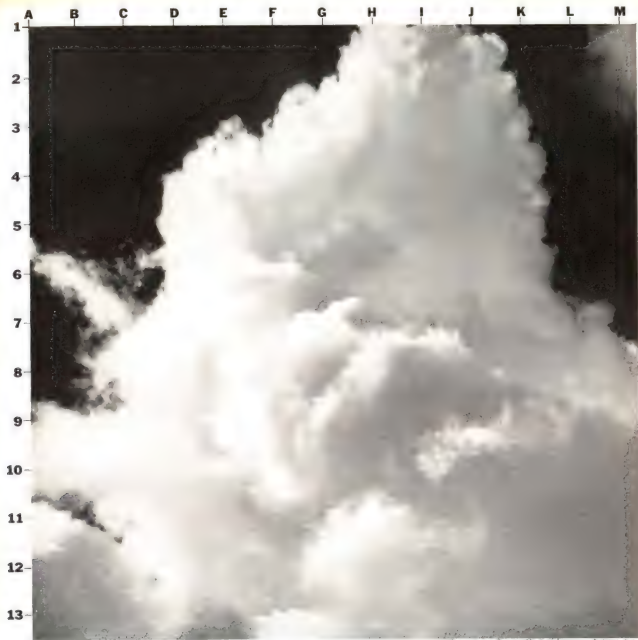
Last week a resounding Baker broadside raked the full length of official Washington:

WASHINGTON—A first reader on Washington for children of the space age:

Look, Jerry, look. See the New Frontiersman run. He is running to the Capitol to save the program . . . But what is this? Senator Robert S. Kerr is throwing the program out the window. See the medicare bill fly away. See the tax bill fly away. See the trade bill scattered in the air. This will make the New Frontiersman very cross, will it not? Look, the New Frontiersman is advancing. Why is the Senator not running? Look, he is giving the New Frontiersman a new program. It is the Senator Robert S. Kerr program. The New Frontiersman is accepting it. He is smiling at the Senator and shaking the Senator's hand. What a splendid sight. This is democracy in action.

Run, Alice, run. Run and see the Senate. See Senator Goldwater. Do you see Senator Goldwater running? No. Senator Goldwater is talking. Do not be deceived. He is running very hard toward the White House.

Jump, Sport, jump. Jump for the gentlemen of the Democratic National Committee. See how miserable they look. They are unhappy because they do not have enough Democrats at the Capitol to save the program. They have only two Democrats for each Republican. Will the program be saved if more Democrats come to the Capitol next year? No one can tell. Democrats are strange creatures. Often they are Republicans wearing Democratic false faces. Is Washington not a wonderful place?



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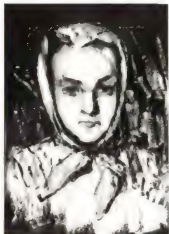
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ART



CÉZANNE'S "THE ARTIST'S SISTER"



NEWFOUND PEASANT WOMAN

Which portrait should be discarded over?

The Sister's Friend

Wonderful things happen (sometimes) when a painting gets stolen. Last year the City Art Museum of St. Louis lent its \$150,000 Cézanne, *The Artist's Sister*, to the museum at Aix-en-Provence in southern France, only to have it purloined in a comic-opera art theft. Last week St. Louis' Cézanne was back and on display, and worth \$75,000 more than before.

The painting (along with seven other stolen Cézannes from elsewhere) turned up last April, apparently after some undercover ransoming by insurance companies, in an abandoned car in Marseille. Though it had escaped serious damage when the thieves pulled it from its frame, the painting needed a new canvas backing. Kansas City Art Conservator James Roth set to work, found an unusually thick layer of glue beneath the torn fabric. He softened the rock-hard glue with wet packs, picked away with tweezers, gradually revealing the white-kierched head of a woman, its strongly modeled face accented by deep red shadows.

The newly discovered work, actually an unfinished sketch in oil, is not included among the catalogued paintings of Cézanne, though it is similar to both *The Artist's Sister* (1867-69) and the *Portrait of Marie Cézanne* (1865-67), now in a German collection. Nevertheless, City Art Museum Director Charles Naez believes that the discovery is a portrait of an unidentified peasant woman rather than a third view of *Sister*.

For the time being, St. Louisans may view Naez's bonanza at the City Art Museum, where, because Cézanne painted it upside down in relation to the other portrait, it is being displayed in a flipover frame. Ironically, the long-hidden Cézanne will eventually disappear again: to preserve the more valuable work, a new canvas liner will have to be glued back in place. But doing so will be painful. To many art lovers the unfinished portrait of the peasant woman has more warmth of life than the later, bolder *Artist's Sister*.

Paris at the Cleaners

San Francisco is a pastel city; Caracas is gaudily bright. And Paris, for generations, has been elephant grey. But the grime that made it grey is vanishing in a flurry of scrubbing that would shame a Baltimore housewife. Reason: a law passed by Napoleon III in 1837—decreed that all buildings in Paris should be cleaned every decade, has finally gone into effect.

The Place de la Concorde now gleams a pale ochre: the massive Corinthian columns of the Madeleine glow a soft pink, the Louvre no longer tattles of neglect. Years of recorded tourist history—Ruskin adores Irma, "Vincenza e Giorgio," Stan from Council Bluffs, 82nd Airborne 1945"—scribbled in the stubborn grime, is being erased by a soap that removes dirt but leaves a protective mineral covering on the stone. More than 2,500 buildings and monuments have been washed.

Privately owned structures must be cleaned at the expense of owners, though by applying to the *Caisse de l'Amélioration de l'Habitat* they can get loans to ameliorate their habitats. Publicly owned buildings and monuments are the government's responsibility. Says Minister of Culture André Malraux: "We cannot let our monuments fall to ruin when at this very moment Egypt is asking France to help save its temples on the Nile." Malraux having spoken, the Obelisk in the center of the Place de la Concorde (supposedly not cleaned since Ramses II had it inscribed in Luxor to the glory of Amun) is sporting a gantry of scaffolding, and the scrubdown has begun.

Generally Parisians approve of sending the city to the cleaners. But one landmark raises doubts. Notre-Dame Cathedral, waiting defiantly in all its historic and original grime. Says venerable Municipal Councilor Armand Massard: "It would be better to blacken Sacré-Coeur, that ugly cream cheese." Middle-of-the-road opinion advocates a rinsing that will not render Notre-Dame stark white but merely wash behind the gargoyles' ears.

Fatemeh's Fancy

The Iranian princess had been educated in South Carolina and had lived in California, and for her residence in the suburbs of Teheran she wanted a California-style redwood ranch house. So naturally she hired a pair of American architects to build it—and naturally they itched to design a house in the Persian tradition. Architects usually have their way: the result is the jewel-like residence pictured on the opposite page.

The palace that Architects Benjamin Brown and Spero Daltas designed for the Shah's younger sister, Fatemeh, is walked in travertine, teakwood and glass, and alive with water and sunlight. But the most striking feature is the roof. Columns formed by eight 2-in. steel tubes—rise and fan out to support octagonal canopies of glazed brick, interspersed here and there with clear glass skylights.

Boy Masons. Blessed with a clay that bakes into beautiful glazed bricks, Iran uses them extensively in its architecture; but the art of glazing had slipped to the point that the architects had difficulty in finding an artisan who could make the green, blue-grey and brown bricks needed for the ceiling. Finally they located one Oosta Yah-Yah, who had trained under a U.S. ceramicist and he set to work making the bricks. Among the masons was a group of remarkable boys, 12 to 14 years old. Working in teams of three, the teen-aged bricklayers laid the 4-in.-thick, lozenge-shaped glazed brick literally on thin air, forming arches between the steel ribs of the umbrellas just curved enough to hold up. One boy would build this ceramic webbing, a second boy stayed below and tossed wet bricks up, while a third constantly mixed the quick-setting gypsum mortar that held the flying Persian carpet of brick firmly in place. The holes between the bricks were chinked with more gypsum from below and with concrete poured over the top to form the weather surface.

Swimming on Wednesday. The pavilion, which has four bedrooms on the upper levels (reached by gentle ramps instead of stairs), a dining room, a *petit salon*, an office and a kitchen in addition to the main reception room on the main floor, is really an island in the midst of a gushing stream. icy water from melted mountain snow burlles beside the driveway, continues through the house in blue and gold glazed tile channels, tumbling over alabaster barriers and out into the garden. The chilled water is also used to air-condition the house in summer, must be heated before reaching the swimming pool, where on Wednesdays the Shah and Queen Farah Diba and other members of the royal household come to visit Princess Fatemeh for a swim.

The 10,000-sq.-ft. pleasure dome cost \$300,000, including carpets and furnishings: Barcelona chairs, Eero Saarinen pedestal tables, sectional sofas on wall-to-wall carpeting. All of these fittings were made in India, but they are basically American in design: there, at least, Fatemeh got something that might grace a ranch house.

PALACE FOR A PRINCESS

IRAN'S FATEMEH commissioned two U.S. architects, Benjamin Brown and Spero Dallas, living in Teheran, to design modern palace. Eight-sided umbrellas of traditional glazed brick form living room ceiling; water, the symbol of life in Iran, flows through house and gardens. Pool is favorite of U.S.-educated princess, an enthusiastic swimmer.



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Command Correction

As the U.S. Venus probe Mariner II raced through space last week, it slipped past a significant milestone: it effectively escaped from the earth's gravitation and became a satellite of the sun. But far out as it reached, it did not escape from the earth's control. Back on the fast-receding planet, 1,500,000 miles away, the scientists who built the spacecraft could still hear its radio voice, still send it orders.

Agonizing Wait. At Goldstone control center in California's Mojave Desert, the scientists had been composing their message for more than a week. They knew with precision what maneuvers Mariner II must perform if it was to pass within a useful distance of Venus. The question was: Would the faraway spacecraft accept the orders, store them in its electronic memory and execute them properly at the proper time?

The first command—"Roll minus 9.33 degrees"—sped across space from the great dish antenna at Goldstone. After an agonizing wait for radio travel time, Mariner II acknowledged the command and repeated it accurately. For more than an hour the long-distance conversation continued, carried on in a language of carefully spaced pulses of radio energy. At Goldstone these pulses appeared as mere dots

on guidance gyros. It swung the directional radio antenna aside to get it out of the blast of the mid-course rocket motor. At the end of the warmup, Mariner II was ready for the crucial maneuver of its long voyage. Replaying the commands from earth, it rolled 9.33 degrees and pitched its nose around for 139.83 degrees. This turned its mid-course rocket motor forward, putting it in position to slightly reduce the spacecraft's speed. The motor fired for 29 seconds, as ordered. Then the spacecraft switched off its gyros, switched on its instruments, turned its sensors toward the sun, and pointed its directional antenna toward the earth.

Lonely Cruise. All these actions were duly reported by radio and received at Goldstone. When the maneuvers were finished, and Mariner II had resumed its lonely cruise, Project Director Jack James analyzed the data. Sounding almost as if he did not believe it himself, he announced: "Everything worked exactly as planned." According to calculations based on radio measurements of the spacecraft's decreased speed, Mariner II had corrected its course neatly; instead of missing Venus by 233,000 miles, it would pass it on Dec. 14 at the ideal observation distance of 9,000 miles. Some peril of hostile space may yet put Mariner II out of action before it reaches its goal, but already its voyage is a triumph of U.S. technology.

As Mariner II moved on toward Venus, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration announced that the Soviets have made six attempts to send probes to Mars or Venus. One probe, launched on Feb. 12, 1961, passed somewhere near Venus, but with its radio long dead. The other five tries were unequalled flops.

Man Bites Wolf

Biologist Benson Ginsburg bites wolves. Not that the University of Chicago professor gets a special kick from his odd occupation; his dangerous pastime is part of a serious scientific effort to discover if wildness can be bred out of wild animals. Starting with wild mice, he has worked up through coyotes to wolves, which are notoriously hard to gentle. Today, in laboratory pens, or loping around a one-acre enclosure at the Chicago Zoo, are five golden-eyed monsters that Dr. Ginsburg has raised from fuzzy pups. They are strong enough to kill a moose, but they play with Dr. Ginsburg's nine-year-old daughter without ever taking a nibble.

Ritual Bite. Sometimes a wolf appears to be eating Dr. Ginsburg, but its play bites are only a ritualistic greeting. Wolves say hello, explains Ginsburg, by nipping each other's muzzles. So he greets his research subjects the same way. "We sniff at each other," he says, "and then the wolf takes my face in his jaws. I bite him back, but since my jaws aren't big enough, I bring my hands up to grasp his muzzle. This seems to be satisfactory."

At a meeting of the American Institute

of Biological Sciences in Corvallis, Ore., Dr. Ginsburg made a sociological report on his wolf friends. He considers them highly social and intelligent, and the friendliest ones are those that get most human attention at an early age. Wolf puppies that have less contact with people are likely to turn savage when they grow up. Most of Dr. Ginsburg's wolves are uncannily bright. They have learned to work switches and faucets; their cages



GINSBURG & FRIENDS
A right nippy hello.



GOLDSTONE'S BIG DISH
Would Mariner hear and obey?

on a slowly moving tape. But each combination of dots represented numbers in the two-digit binary code that computers understand best. Finally, Goldstone sent "Signal RTC-6," which told Mariner II to execute all the commands one hour later.

The spacecraft's electronic nervous system took over and issued commands of its own, starting a one-hour warmup period. It turned off instruments and turned

must be fitted with locks operated from outside lest they unfasten the inside latches and roam the lab building.

Mood For Love. Wolves have a rigid social order that hampers their love life. In Dr. Ginsburg's colony there are two adult males, one of which is dominant and seems to have the responsibility for group safety. One of the three females bosses the other two, and this year only she mated. She made brazen advances to the dominant male, but was rebuffed each time. After a while she switched her favors to the secondary male. He showed the proper interest, but whenever he tried to respond to her mood, the boss male attacked him. The romance was consummated only after the boss male's attention strayed, and then the boss female kept the other females from mating with either male.

In some of his experiments Dr. Ginsburg has treated wild animals with a tranquilizing drug in hope of making them more tractable. The prescription worked well enough with coyotes but not with wolves, which became even more aggressive and harder to control. Now Ginsburg and his students have installed a loudspeaker in the wolves' quarters and are playing tape-recorded classical music that is free of the high-pitched tones that irritate wolves. They hope that this treatment will tranquilize the wolves and also the lab's neighbors, who object to the animals' blood-chilling howls.

RELIGION

Pastoral Pay

Pastors used to be as poor as church mice; the men in black were mostly in the red. Now, it seems, the age of prosperity has caught up with the clerics. Surveying the state of pastoral pay last week, *TIME* correspondents across the U.S. found that ministers generally are beginning to share with their congregations in the national affluence.

Episcopal Bishop Roger Blanchard of the Southern Ohio diocese reports that the average minimum pay for priests in his 85 parishes is \$8,000—an increase of about three thousand in a decade. In the American Baptist Convention, the average ministerial salary (including housing allowance) has risen from \$3,000 to \$5,795 during the past decade; since 1955 the number of pastors earning \$10,000 or more has tripled. Last April the United Lutheran Church in America announced that since 1955 the number of its clergymen earning less than \$3,000 had dropped from 182 to 20; the number earning \$10,000 or more rose from eleven to 82.

Fringe Benefits. Yet salary scales are misleading, since they rarely include the range of fringe benefits, from paid-up pensions to book allowances, that stretch the clerical dollar. Nearly every established parish in the U.S. provides its minister with tax-free housing, plus repairs and utilities allowances. Admits Dr. Ben Morris Ridpath of Kansas City's Trinity Methodist Church (salary: \$11,000): "It would cost me \$100 a month to rent a home like the parsonage I have now." Although relatively few ministers in the larger Protestant denominations have time to accept sideline jobs, their wives do; in Miami, Baptist congregations commonly allow ministers to hire their own

wives as church secretaries. Many congregations provide expense accounts, vacation hideaways, cars and car allowances.

Some of the most useful fringe benefits are invisible to the tax collector's eye. Informed churchgoers provide their ministers with sure-thing stock market tips; talented accountants in the congregation can help a pastor cut his tax liabilities; in rural districts the laity still follows the old frontier custom of helping out the preacher by stocking his larder with food from time to time. The once generous discounts offered clergymen by railroads and stores have been restricted, reduced or cut out. But on balance, says a lay official of the National Lutheran Council "ministers never had it so good. If pastors had to settle for a straight salary, you'd hear them crying to Kingdom Come."

Standard Salary. The churches are making a strong effort to push salaries even higher. The Cincinnati Presbytery is in the midst of starting a campaign to push the base salary of ministers from \$4,200 to \$5,000. The Right Rev. Richard Emrich, Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, has repeatedly declined a raise in his own salary of \$15,800 in order to supplement the income of pastors, in the inner-city area of Detroit.

Episcopalians and Presbyterians have done the most to standardize ministerial salaries, but the American Baptists are improving rapidly. When a church reports to its local association that a new minister is needed, Baptist officials check into the congregation's need and clerical preferences—but they also insist that the church pay enough. In Utah a congregation raised its standing salary for a minister from \$6,000 to \$8,000 on the association's recommendation.

Sometimes strong-willed ministers can

get raises on their own initiative. In Detroit recently, one Presbyterian minister refused to accept a new call until the church agreed to cough up an extra \$4,000. "Most of the fellows I know who are underpaid are incompetent," says Dr. Merle E. Fish Jr., president of the Church Federation of Los Angeles. "They couldn't make it any better anywhere else."

Up the Ladder. Many clergymen proudly accept poverty as a badge of their vocation, and affluence so far is spread unevenly among the clerical ranks. Preachers in fundamentalist sects and in the Negro churches are still sadly underpaid; salaries in rural New England and the South lag behind levels established throughout the rest of the country. But churchmen in mainstream Protestant denominations agree that capable young pastors can indeed work their way up without much difficulty. "The church is like any other profession," says the Rev. Magee Wilkes, 44, a vice president at the Southern California School of Theology. "The best men make the most money. Churches are willing to pay for leadership."

The Council's Prospects

The aim of the Second Vatican Council, which opens in Rome next month, is internal renewal of the Catholic Church. Through the council's work, Pope John XXIII hopes, the world's largest Christian church will be better prepared for the spiritual tasks of combatting Communism and materialism, and exploring the hope of union with other Christian bodies. Advocates of Catholic reform, the church's "liberals," have been worried by rumors that the council might be stalled by such standpat conservatives as the cardinals of the Curia and the bishops of Italy and Spain. "The Holy Ghost," warned one Irish cleric in Rome, "has his back up against the wall."

Last week Pope John XXIII put at least some of the fears to rest. In naming the cardinals who will guide the council deliberations, and outlining the council's rules of order in a 48-page *Motu Proprio* (a "White Paper" issued on the Pope's personal authority), he made it clear that hierarchical reformers would have plenty of opportunity to make their cases.

Balancing Claims. Pope John's appointments neatly balanced the claims of liberals and conservatives, Vatican professionals and diocesan prelates from the international church. Each of the ten commissions that will prepare the formal decrees has a Curia prelate at its head—but two-thirds of the 24 members of the commission will be chosen by the bishops. On the presidential council of ten cardinals, who will take turns as chairmen of the sessions, the Pope named only one outright resister to change—Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini of Palermo. He filled the council with such middle-of-the-road prelates as New York's Francis Spellman and Achille Lienart of Lille, such prominent liberals as Bernard Alfrink of Utrecht and Joseph Frings of Cologne.

Another key regulatory commission at the council will be a Secretariat for



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counters.

Extraordinary Questions, which will con-
trol the admission to the agenda of new
problems raised by bishops in council dis-
cussion. Chairman of the secretariat is
moderate Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, the
Vatican Secretary of State and longtime
(1933-58) apostolic delegate to the U.S.
But also on the secretariat are such mod-
erates and liberals as Chicago's Albert
Meyer, Milan's Giovanni Montini, Julius
Döpfner of Munich, Leo Jozef Suenens of
Malines-Bruxelles.

Limiting Speeches. The papal *Motu
Proprio* predictably decreed that all pub-
lic sessions will take place in St. Peter's,
where bleachers are now being built in the
nave, and that the official language of the
council would be Latin (translators will
be on hand to help prelates through verbal
thickets). Other procedural decisions:

► Council members will be forbidden to



PREPARATIONS AT ST. PETER'S
The reformers will have a say.

leave Rome without written permission
from the presidential council.

► Clerics who wish to speak on the floor
will present written requests to the pre-
siding cardinal, then wait their turn.
"Church fathers," the booklet noted, "are
requested to limit their speeches to ten
minutes."

► At general sessions, members will be
allowed to vote only *placet* or *non placet*
(yes or no). The votes—in a rare Vatican
concession to the age of automation—will
be counted by electronic calculating ma-
chines. A two-thirds majority will carry a
motion.

To Vatican observers, the rules indi-
cated that bishops would not be coming
to Rome merely to rubber-stamp prede-
termined decisions. Among the decrees
expected from the council: a dogmatic
statement on the bishops' position in the
church, permission for more widespread
use of vernacular in the liturgy, a defini-
tion of the church's stand on religious
toleration for non-Catholics.

The Take-over Generation... the Westward Tilt... the Ecumenical Council...and ???

THE SUBJECTS above are three which the special kind of people who read LIFE will be talking about week by week this fall. These features—and the others below—are definitely scheduled for the months ahead. The question marks? They stand for other LIFE stories that haven't even happened. Surprise winners in the coming elections? A breakthrough in the atom test-ban talks? A Cincinnati-Minnesota World Series? Or just??? Meanwhile, here is what LIFE does have in store for you:

THIS WEEK

The Take-over Generation. A whole issue about Young Americans out to reshape the world. LIFE singles out one hundred of the most accomplished men and women between twenty and forty and their work in fields that range from solid state physics to abstract sculpture. Science fiction writer Ray Bradbury appraises our future life in space, arguing that mankind first ought to eliminate immorality and stupidity on this planet.

SEPTEMBER 21

Key Clubs. LIFE explores the most successful entertainment phenomenon of our times from Victorian Gaslight to contemporary Playboy.

SEPTEMBER 28

Stone-Age New Guinea. The cameras of Eliot Elisofon and of the missing Michael Rockefeller record an astonishingly beautiful valley and an incredibly cruel people, the primitive Willigiman-Wallalua.

OCTOBER 5

Haute Culture for Kids. Clothes that make children look as if they'd stepped right out of a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, shown in the Danish parks and palaces Andersen loved.

OCTOBER 12

The Ecumenical Council. For the first time in 92 years, the Roman Catholic Church gathers

its leaders. For the first time in history, non-Catholic observers have been invited. In a three-part series beginning this week, LIFE will cover every aspect of these important meetings.

OCTOBER 19

California. The continent's tilting westward. California has more Nobel Prize winners, more scientists, and soon more people than any other state. An entire LIFE issue salutes California.

OCTOBER 26

The Body We Live In. An eight-part series begins on the one thing we all have in common. How the body moves, stokes itself, creates energy, keeps in touch, maintains its internal balance, grows and reproduces, protects itself.

NOVEMBER 23


Food. What new foods will we be eating 25 years from now? How would a European authority rate America's great restaurants? LIFE's single-subject issue on American food has the answers. Color photographs by Bert Stern. How food is grown, harvested, packaged, marketed.

YEAR-END

The Sea. What is the magic lure of the sea? LIFE tries to explain it in its special year-end issue. Nearly 200 pages will include deep-sea probing and plush liners, places in the sun, famous tales of the sea, and a memorable color essay on the moods of the seven seas.

Anyone will eat up the LIFE features on Food, California, and The Sea. But who cares about the Willigiman-Wallalua or the Ecumenical Council? The kind of people who read LIFE every week. LIFE has an attraction for people with a sweeping range of interests; who care about where we came from; who are concerned with where we are going. People you like to talk to read

The LIFE logo, consisting of the word "LIFE" in a bold, white, sans-serif font, set against a solid red rectangular background.



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Out of the recent 27-million dollar National Road Test has come significant new information on the performance of pavement for streets and highways.

Sponsored by the American Association of State Highway Officials, this road test was the most scientific ever conducted. At a special test road near Ottawa, Illinois, concrete and asphalt test sections of varying thicknesses were laid in 5 loops. Over each of these loops, light, medium or heavy trucks were driven for two years.

To determine how well the test sections kept their riding quality, a form of measurement called the "serviceability index" was used. Pavement surfaces were rated from 0 ("very poor") to 5 ("very good").

After two years of traffic and the impact of more than 1,100,000 loads, 68% of the concrete test sections still had a rating of "very good" for riding smoothness.

Here is further evidence of the superior performance of concrete that assures taxpayers economical, long-term riding comfort on their streets, roads and Interstate highways.

54-ton tractor semi-trailer rolling on Loop 6



Married. Sir William Alexander Bustamante, 78, bull-voiced Prime Minister of newly independent Jamaica; and Gladys Longbridge, 45, his private secretary and confidante for 27 years; she for the first time, he for the second; at a private ceremony in Kingston.

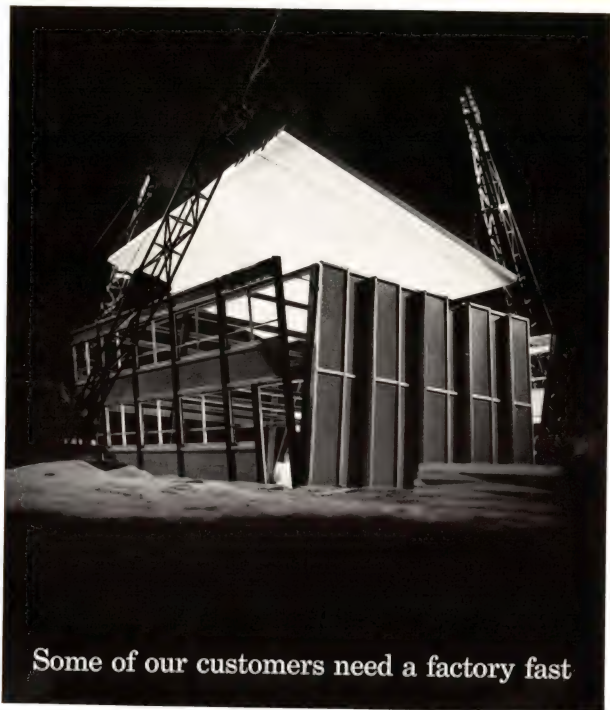
Died. Eleven executives of the Ashland Oil & Refining Co., of Ashland, Ky., and their pilot and copilot, when the company's twin-engine Lockheed Lodestar spun into a pasture and burst into flames, near Ravenna, Ohio. Ashland is the nation's 20th largest oil company, with sales of \$312 million last year; it was the worst industrial-aircraft accident in U.S. history.

Died. Francis H. (Fran) Striker, 50, author of the saga of the masked rider of the plains, *The Lone Ranger*, by far the most enduring of all western radio heroes; in a head-on automobile collision near his home in Arcade, N.Y. Striker first conceived of the straight-shooting lawman in 1930, and the first episode was broadcast by Detroit radio station WXYZ in 1933. Until the program went off radio nine years ago (it is now a regular television feature), Striker, who sold the rights to *Lone Ranger*, continued to write the scripts. He turned out some 3,000 half-hour shows, all of which glorified justice, cowboy good conduct and loyalty to the Lone Ranger's Indian friend Tonto. Faithfully tuned in by uncounted millions of schoolchildren for 20 years, the ringing prologue ("From out of the West come the thundering hoofbeats . . .") and the Lone Ranger's cry of "Hi Ho, Silver, Away!" to his great white stallion, became part of the American idiom.

Died. Edward Estlin (e.e.) Cummings, 67, popular American poet who scattered syntax to collect bright images; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in North Conway, N.H. (see page 102).

Died. Baroness Blixen Finecke, 77, author, under the *nom de plume* Isak Dinesen, of gracefully ghostly short stories (*Seven Gothic Tales*) and a popular volume of memoirs called *Out of Africa*; in Rungstedlund, Denmark.

Died. William R. Blair, 87, retired U.S. Army Signal Corps physicist, whose experiments with the measurement of radio microwaves bouncing off distant objects led in 1937 to his invention of a prototype radar set that could measure the distance and speed of moving ships and airplanes; of a heart attack; in Fair Haven, N.J. The device was kept a military secret until after World War II, when the Army applied for a patent in Blair's name that was finally granted in 1957; the Army, which got free use of the invention (Blair received royalties from all non-Government manufacturers), gratefully proclaimed him "Father of Radar."



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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

"Upstuck"

As the U.S. economy headed into the post-Labor Day period, there was a freshly expectant mood among U.S. businessmen. Factories were revving up across the nation, Detroit was spewing out new cars, and demand for everything from appliances to used cars was on the rise. With new optimism, the First National Bank of Boston reported: "Our economy seems sounder than a month ago."

Early this summer, after Wall Street's long slide clipped \$77 billion off the value of U.S. stocks, many people presumed that a recession loomed dead ahead, and more than a few whispered Depression. Now that no such calamity has occurred, the public is coming around to accept what the savvy economists were saying all along: the recovery is not so bouncy as it should be and will likely start to "top out" sooner than originally hoped. But it still has some steam.

More on the Cuff. "Things are pretty good around here," smiles Kansas City A.F.L.-C.I.O. Leader William Lewis. "You can see it mostly in the way the working stiff is spending his money—money he hasn't even earned yet but feels confident he will." Opening new charge accounts, shoppers last week queued up in four sep-



arate lines in the credit department at Montgomery Ward's in Kansas City, and the picture was much the same in other department stores around the country. Consumer installment credit, up \$2 billion for the year, swelled to a record total of \$45 billion in July and helped lift retail sales to a new peak of \$10.7 billion.

Much of the increase in credit was for payments on cars. In a strong end-of-season market, new cars are selling for \$50 to \$100 more than a year ago, and some dealers are already running out of '62 models. To catch up, Detroit plans to produce well over 1,100,000 '63s in September and October—almost 25% more cars than in the same period a year ago. U.S. manufacturers in general expect to increase their output this autumn; their new orders rose by almost \$1 billion in July. Said Crown Zellerbach Corp. President Reed O. Hunt: "Everybody talks



about business easing off later in the year, but we've seen no sign of it."

Zigzagging. Despite the general optimism, in many areas the economy seemed to be zigzagging, scoring no clear gains or losses. Unemployment grew worse last month, rising from 5.3% of the work force to 5.8%. Part of this could be ex-



plained by the fact that vacationing teachers were counted as "unemployed," but part of it represented a genuine increase in the rate of joblessness. On the other hand, the total number of Americans at work, which usually falls in August, rose by 200,000 to a record 69,762,000. The explanation: the number of jobs in the U.S. is increasing, but not as fast as the work force.

Just as inconclusive was the situation in the nation's basic industry: steel. Though the steel companies were producing at only 56% of capacity v. 69% a year ago, their output rose 10% in August, and some steelmen expect gains of up to 2% a week through Christmas.

"We'll Muddle Up." How does the economy look in sum? "Stagnation on a high plateau" is the way it is described by the National Association of Purchasing Agents, which would not be surprised to see a recession in the next two to seven months. Says Jewel Tea Co. Economist William Tongue: "It's 'upstuck'—up but stuck." But Tongue figures that "we'll muddle up a bit more gradually. Given the stimulus of a tax cut next year, we'll continue up in '63." One belief is common: whenever it comes, the next dip will be shallow and brief because production now is moderate, inventories are lean, and personal incomes and savings are higher than ever.

RAILROADS

STOP

The small-town railroad telegrapher is a determined member of a dying breed. He sits in a paint-peeling station house, idly fingering silent keys and dreaming of days when fellows such as young Thomas Edison made the vagabond telegrapher a giant among men and a hero to small boys. Times have passed him by, auto-

mated relay systems have obsoleted him—but the telegrapher hangs on by a finger.

Last autumn, rather than take a strike, the mighty Southern Pacific Co. virtually guaranteed to keep on all of its telegraphers until retirement or death. Last week, refused a similar settlement by the nation's fourth longest railroad, the Chicago & North Western, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Order of Railroad Telegraphers was staging a strike whose impact was felt far beyond the line's 10,702 miles of track.

Supported by the other rail brotherhoods, the telegraphers totally shut down the North Western, forcing its 35,000 Chicagoland commuters onto already clogged freeways. When the North Western stopped rolling, so did two-thirds of Wisconsin's multimillion-dollar paper and pulp industry. In the woodlands of Upper Michigan, cut timber piled high at rail sidings, and lumberjacks knew that layoffs were in the wind. Towering grain elevators were idled in Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin because farmers could not move their crops. Cargill Inc. shut its big soybean processing plant in Chicago, and the manager of its Omaha terminal, Ace R. Cory, muttered, "We're just plain out of business."

Setting the Pattern. For the railroad industry, the North Western strike was likely to prove a turning point. Whatever settlement results from it will go far toward setting a pattern not only for railroad telegraphers but also for all other technologically obsolete railroad employees—including 45,000 "firemen" who ride diesel locomotives on the nation's freight trains and in switching yards.

The telegraphers, 1,000 strong on the North Western, make this demand: no



STRIKEBOUND C. & N.W. FREIGHT YARD Plain out of business.

job that existed on Dec. 3, 1957, can be abolished unless the union agrees, "Indefensible featherbedding," snaps North Western Chairman Ben W. Heineman 48, onetime corporation lawyer who became boss of the road in 1956 and has shoved it intermittently into the black by consolidating lines and eliminating stations, cutting money-losing runs and reducing jobs—including those of 600 telegraphers, who presumably would collect new jobs or plump payoffs if the union wins. A presidential emergency board recommended last June that the telegraphers drop their demand. The union has ignored it.

"The Public Be Damned." The last thing that Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg did before his appointment to the Supreme Court was to plead in vain with the telegraphers not to strike. Last week his successor, W. Willard Wirtz, who used to ride the North Western home from work every day when he was Adlai Stevenson's law partner, was also getting nowhere. At week's end, as Ben Heineman rifled through mounds of letters from his commuters urging him to hold fast, the telegraphers dug in for a long siege. At that point, the liberal Milwaukee *Journal* was reminded of the arrogant legacy of one of U.S. railroad's 19th century buccaners, William H. Vanderbilt. Hooted the *Journal*: "It is now the railroad telegraphers who say, 'The public be damned.'"

CORPORATIONS

The Chick & the Macaw

For 60 years, the fluffy chick eternally popping out of its shell on the Bon Ami trademark has assured U.S. housewives that the famed old cleanser "hasn't scratched yet." But the Bon Ami chick, if not yet scratching, is not unscratched. Five years ago, the Manhattan-based Bon Ami Co. was looted of \$3,000,000 by Swindler Alexander Guterman (TIME, Feb. 23, 1959). As Guterman was packed off to jail, a reform management team, headed by dapper airline and hotel operator R. (for nothing) Paul Weesner, 41, moved in to put Bon Ami back on its feet. Last week, in New York State Supreme Court, a mounting stack of complaints and affidavits charged that the chick had been plucked again by its new keepers and demanded that a receiver be appointed for Bon Ami.

Lined up against Chairman Weesner and four fellow Bon Ami officers was a formidable coalition: Tel-A-Sign Inc., a Chicago billboard manufacturer which last month bought 16.5% (88,703 shares) of Bon Ami's outstanding stock, plus two former Bon Ami employees—ex-Vice President Olen Webb, 40, and his wife Pat, 44, who for more than ten years was Weesner's \$12,000-a-year private secretary. Guided by Tel-A-Sign's largest stockholder, Attorney Roy Cohn, 35, onetime Boy Friday to the late Senator Joe McCarthy, the coalition charged that Weesner and his directors had illegally disposed of \$550,000 in Bon Ami funds. Most of this mon-



BON AMI'S WEESNER



PAT & OLEN WEBB

They all thought the cage too costly.

ey, they charged, was used to help pay off an \$810,000 loan assumed by the Weesner team when it took control of Guterman's 90,000 shares of Bon Ami stock. But among other offenses, Tel-A-Sign and the Webbs accused Weesner of having used \$1,581 in company funds to pay for a specially built cage for his pet macaw.

Denying all these accusations, Weesner last week insisted that the real purpose of the suit was to "bludgeon" Bon Ami (which showed a \$300,000 profit for the first half of this year) into a merger with Tel-A-Sign (which lost \$455,000 in the past fiscal year). Bitterly Weesner charged that Pat Webb had taken advantage of her position as his secretary to steal company records, and was now indulging in "distortion of those records, double-dealing broken agreements." As for the cottage-priced bird cage, Weesner snapped: "Sure I have this macaw. This bird and I take a shower together every morning. But Bon Ami didn't pay for the cage. Nobody paid for it. In fact, the man isn't paid yet. That bill is too high."

At week's end, still trying to decide how much of this was for the birds and how much was not, New York Supreme Court Justice Arthur G. Klein had yet to issue a ruling in the case. But with the affidavits and counter affidavits piling up, it seemed likely that the Bon Ami chick would be wriggling uncomfortably in the public eye for some time to come.

PUBLIC POLICY

Cotton-Pickin' Solution

Consider the tattered state of Old King Cotton. To perpetuate 100,000 politically potent but economically inefficient small cotton farmers in the Southeast, the Government supports cotton prices at 33¢ a lb. Since this is well above the present world price of about 23¢ a lb., U.S. cotton exporters complain that they cannot compete in world markets. So the Government gives them an 8½¢-a-lb. export subsidy. But this distresses U.S. textile makers, who must pay 33¢ a lb. for their cotton and howl that they are being

swamped by imported textiles made from U.S. cotton that foreign producers buy at the low world price.

Hoping to win the support of Southern textile makers for his tariff-melting Trade Expansion bill, President Kennedy last winter urged the Tariff Commission to put an extra tax of 8½¢ a lb. on imported cotton textiles (which are already saddled with a 14¢-a-lb. tariff). But last week the Tariff Commission turned Kennedy down. By a vote of 3 to 2, the commission decided that it would be a bit absurd to establish an import tax to offset an export subsidy which had been established to offset a price support.

Textile-shipping Japan and Hong Kong cheered the decision, but indignant growers rose in Congress, which is highly sensitive to the voting powers of the cotton growers and spinners. Still fearing for his Trade Expansion bill, the President declared grandly that "the inequity of the two-price system remains as a unique burden on the American textile industry, for which a solution must be found in the near future."

The most obvious solution would be to kick out the price props, scrap the export subsidy, and forget all about special taxes on imports—all of which would save U.S. taxpayers \$365 million a year. That, plus a loosening of the stiff acreage controls that favor the small Southern cotton growers, would enable the efficiently automated bigger growers in the flatlands of the West to expand, prosper and better compete in world markets. But in Washington this was the last cotton-pickin' solution likely to be considered.

MERCHANDISING

Big G in Wonderland

Breakfast cereals used to come in boxes that contained nothing else, bearing a label with directions for cooking. Today's cereals hit the table ready to eat, bite-sized, sugar-toasted, cocoa-flavored or doughnut-shaped; their sales appeal is gauged less by flavor and nutrition than by the servings of toy automobiles, plastic

Now...clean the air in your entire home of dust and pollen with a new Honeywell electronic air cleaner

Fits in duct work, traps up to 95%* of airborne particles...electronically

It's dust, dust, dust. Dust and dirt soil freshly cleaned draperies, smoke up windows—making work and more work.

Yet, there is little you could do to keep most of it out of the air in your home—until now, that is. A remarkable new, home-size Electronic Air Cleaner from Honeywell traps dust and pollen.

Fitting in the return air duct work of any forced air heating or air conditioning system, it cleans the air passing through the system—air that comes from every room in your house.

It traps the tiny bits of grime ordinary filters miss. You probably have ordinary filters which depend on a tangle of fibers to hold particles. But, they can't stop millions of smaller

impurities—dust, ash, greasy smoke, similar particles. Now, nothing will remove the bigger particles of dust that settle *before* they enter the system except the dust cloth, but these are easy to whisk away. It's trapping these tiny, soiling particles which is difficult.

These tiny particles are the stickiest, clinging to every surface in your house, smudging and dirtying. You can't see them in the air, only notice the damage they've done when you move a picture on the wall. This is the grime that does the dirty work—and Honeywell traps it electronically—removes up to 95% of all particles passing through the system.

Too good to be true? The fact is, electronic air cleaning has been proved for years in hospitals and other buildings where clean air is vital. And, now Honeywell has developed a system of practical home-size and price. On a 3 year FHA loan, it costs as little as \$14.38 a month, installed.

What a wonderful difference it makes! Air passing through the system is freed of 99%† of the pollen—tobacco smoke and other particles will also be effectively removed. Mirrors and glass will stay sparkling, draperies fresh and clean—longer. You'll save on cleaning bills, too. You won't eliminate dusting, but the dust cloth will surely be used less frequently.

And, if you don't have a forced air system, you can still get cleaner air in a single room with the Honeywell Portable.

So why dust and polish so often? Let Honeywell help you do something about it. Send the coupon in now.

*As measured by the National Bureau of Standards Dust Spot Method.
†Electronic air cleaning is not a treatment. Be sure to consult your doctor. Ask him what it may do for you.

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Handsome panel in living area shows cleaner efficiency. Signals when unit needs cleaning. Three or four times a year is usually enough.



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submarines, code-message rings and baseball cards buried among the flakes or offered on the label. This week, Cereal Giant General Mills moves to serve a better after-breakfast bonus. On 45 million boxes of nine "Big G" cereals, General Mills will offer juvenile crunchers a serious, 48-page "Nature's Wonderland Stamp Album." For one boxtop and 30¢ a kid can be the first in his neighborhood to study 45 species of wildlife with the aid of fact-crammed texts and sets of six-color stamps to be pasted into the album.

"Nature's Wonderland" is the creation of General Mills' cereal-marketing manager, Cyril Plattes, 45. A passionate woodsman who keeps a canoe stashed handy to his Minneapolis home for quick response to the call of the wild, Plattes dreamed of such a book all the time he was stuffing model cars and magic tricks



GENERAL MILLS' PLATTES
For one boxtop, the call of the wild.

into cereal boxes. "If we're going to give the kids something," says he, "let's give them something to help them rather than the usual old blah." Forsaking blah, Plattes commissioned Dr. Walter J. Breckenridge, director of Minnesota's Natural History Museum, to compile an illustrated nature book. Breckenridge included pertinent facts about each animal (horned toads are really lizards; skunks are accurate up to 12 ft.), tips on such field-trip essentials as avoiding snakebite, and a habitat map of U.S. wildlife.

Up to now, General Mills' hottest box-topper has been a 15¢ radioactive polonium ring that drew 2,000,000 requests. Hoping that his nature book, which sells at cost, may prove even hotter, Plattes has ordered a first printing of 1,000,000. If it moves well, General Mills will try other educational offers, may even—to the relief of prize-surfeited mothers and fathers—start an industry trend. Says Plattes hopefully: "The adults all seem to like it. The question is: Will the kids?"



HOW IS FREEDOM LOST?

Dangers that grow within our borders can string barbed wire around our freedoms as tightly as dangers that come from abroad.

But they aren't as easy to see. Some of us are hardly aware of the threat that grows within—the expansion of government-in-business.

There are hundreds of examples, from coffee roasting to ice cream making. In the field of electric light and power alone, the output of federal-government-owned plants has risen from less than 1 per cent of the industry's total in 1935 to more than 15 per cent today. This

represents an investment of 5½ billion dollars in federally owned electric plants and lines. And advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

They advocate a dangerous course, for when government owns business, it has in its hands both political and economic power—the means of controlling goods and jobs. With power thus concentrated it can become difficult indeed for individuals to preserve their basic freedoms.

Isn't it time to call a halt to the expansion of government-in-business?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies... more than 300 companies across the nation

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The Practical Men

An idea is born.

It could lead to a great scientific accomplishment. It could even create a new technology. But first it must achieve reality.

To do this it must leave the theorist and go to another kind of man, a man with a more practical bent of mind.

This is the challenge for creative engineers and modern management: to turn ideas into realities. And today this work is more difficult than ever before.

For now the aerospace industry is called upon to engineer space ships that will travel thousands of miles from earth and return. It is called upon to develop rocket engines with the power of a million automobiles. It is called upon to produce electronic equipment that will last thousands of hours...to design antenna systems that can listen to stars billions of miles away...to produce electricity by nuclear power with increasing efficiency.

Even while you are reading this, the engineers of the aerospace industry are working toward



these objectives. They are creating functional ideas from broad theories. They are searching out the exact materials, equipment, systems, and components to suit their needs. Often in this search they must create their own answers.

Steadily, piece by piece, part by part, the finished whole begins to emerge. The prototypes are examined. Tests run. And finally, the new system is complete—tested, proved, ready to use.

This is the work of men who turn ideas into reality. This is the work of men who are creating the products of tomorrow and the countries of the future.

This is the work of the practical men.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION



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WORLD BUSINESS

AVIATION

Reclaiming the Sky

As white-robed Shinto priests performed intricate purification ceremonies, a portholed turboprop transport rolled out of a hangar at Nagoya's Komaki Airport, taxied down a runway and roared aloft. An hour later, when the plane set back down at Komaki, a waiting throng of businessmen and Japanese air force brass broke into exultant banzais. The YS 11, first Japanese-designed commercial transport to be built since World War II, had completed its maiden flight.

Brainchild of a five-man engineering team headed by wispy Jiro Horikoshi, designer of World War II's deadly Zero fighter, the YS 11 is a response to mounting Japanese sentiment that "Japan must get its own skies back." Grounded by Occupation edicts from the end of World War II until 1952, the once potent Japanese aircraft industry has fluttered along since then by producing a handful of U.S.-designed planes under license.

How much the YS 11 will do to revive the industry is debatable. Built by the Nihon Aeroplane Manufacturing Co. (which was formed especially for the purpose with 54% government capital), the plane incorporates a high percentage of foreign components, including its twin Rolls-Royce Dart RDa, 10-1 engines. In their desire to sell the YS 11 as a latter-day replacement for the workhorse DC-3, its designers sacrificed both speed (295 m.p.h.) and range (380 miles with a full load of

60 passengers) in order to cut the plane's normal take-off run to as little as 3,000 ft. Trouble is that by December 1963, when the first YS 11 production model is scheduled for completion, the skies may well be swarming with competition from short-range pure jets such as British Aircraft Corp.'s BAC One-Eleven, which also aspires to the title of "the new DC-3."

The Cost of Keeping Up

Center of attraction at Britain's Farnborough air show last week was none of the fast new aircraft roaring overhead but an 11-ft. groundling: the first publicly displayed model of the 100-passenger, Mach 2.2 Super Caravelle that British Aircraft Corp. and France's Sud Aviation propose to build jointly. Though design of the delta-wing plane is completed and current plans call for flight tests in 1966, final approval of the project is yet to come from the British and French governments.

There is still plenty of argument about whether that approval should be given, since development of the Super Caravelle is expected to cost in the neighborhood of \$560 million. Some British planemakers say that the money would be better spent increasing the all-weather reliability of existing subsonic aircraft. But with U.S. planemakers working toward a Mach 3 airliner and Russian competition in supersonic air transport only a matter of time, BAC and Sud Aviation argue that the Super Caravelle is needed to assure Europe a continuing role in the long-haul civil aviation industry.

WESTERN EUROPE

Making the Market

(See Color)

"Whether Britain joins the Common Market or not," predicted one British businessman last week, "there will soon be no more difference between the English and the French than there is between the English and the Scots." Bringing that day ever closer is a new class of European business leaders, who, with aggressiveness and vision, are shaping a new Europe, where national tastes and economic expectations are increasingly giving way to a single European pattern. They have made Mercedes the new status symbol in Italy, cheap Italian refrigerators the rage among French housewives, and Dutch TV sets a hot seller in West Germany.

Readymade Profit. The roster of top European executives today reflects profound changes in Europe's business community. Before World War II, most big European companies were owned and run by clanlike, long-established families that kept their business affairs strictly secret, regarded advertising as an unnecessary extravagance and shunned public attention. The goal was high profit on low volume, and membership in a tidy cartel generally eliminated the danger of painful competition over prices and markets. A rigid class system kept workers from rising into executive ranks; the notion of increasing national buying power by raising wages was regarded as radical nonsense.

But war and rough-and-tumble reconstruction made way for new men and new ideas. Wily Dino de Laurentiis, who has revitalized Italy's film industry by making movies (*War and Peace*, *Attila*) with international casts and the specific purpose of tapping international markets, is the son of a small Neapolitan pasta manufacturer. In Britain, neither George Harman, who as head of British Motor Corp. is the United Kingdom's biggest automaker, nor Financier Charles Clore, who has won fame as London's "Takeover King," can boast the once-traditional public school and university background.

The rise of the new men has not yet wiped out the European conviction that a company's profit figures are to be guarded like nuclear secrets. But to a growing degree, European executives are recognizing that public opinion does affect their business. Though his predecessor as chairman of Belgium's Société Générale was so aloof that he refused even to release his photo for publication, new Chairman Max Nokin freely allows both pictures and interviews in an effort to counter charges that his firm is meddling in Congolese politics. More important, with European workers now earning better wages, their employers are finding that their best market is at home, increasingly aim for greater volume at lower markups and strive to meet mass tastes. Onetime racing driver Count Gianni Marzotto, managing di-



JAPANESE YS 11



MODEL OF BRITISH-FRENCH SUPER CARAVELLE
At the post, a workhorse and a racehorse.

EUROPE'S BIGGEST maker of electrical equipment is Netherlands' Philips, headed by second-generation Frits Philips, 57. Sales in 1962 are up 12%.



KUO TANG



DAVID LEE



WORLD'S MOVIE MARKET has yielded gross of \$95 million in past six years to Italian Producer Dino de Laurentiis, 43 now preparing \$30 million extravaganza based on the Bible.

CONTINENT'S SKYLINEs are challenge to British Millionaire Charles Clore, 57 whose interests range from ships to shoes, include new London Hilton.

STEELMAKER Alfred Krupp, 55, and aide, Berthold Beitz, 48, favored Common Market, even though it meant facing stiffer competition from French steelmakers.

KRUPP/REUTERS



EMPIRE BUILDER Ernst von Siemens, 59, plans \$250 million expansion of electrical firm, already West Germany's largest.



KRUPP/REUTERS/BLACK STAR

KRUPP/REUTERS

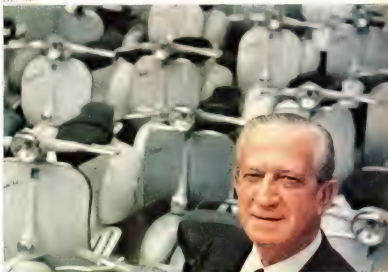


TEXTILE TYCOON is Count Giannino Marzotto, 33, managing director of family's 188-year-old textile firm, which is Italy's largest, and is growing bigger by pioneering ready-to-wear clothing.



AUTO MAGNATE George Harriman, 54, who began his career as assembly-line worker, hopes to sell 1,000,000 cars in 1963 by stepping up sales to Common Market, has already

established modern assembly plants in Italy and Belgium. To make his British Motors Corp. autos more appealing to Continent, he has hired Italian Designer Pinin Farina as a stylist.



SCOOTER KING, who helped put wheels under postwar Europe with his famed Vespa motor scooter, is

Enrico Piaggio, 58. He has since become one of Europe's leading manufacturers of light aircraft.

FRENCH GLASSMAKER. Count Arnaud de Vogüé, 58, has diversified Saint-Gobain so that fast-growing company includes oil, chemical and nuclear enterprises.



BRITISH FINANCE EXPERT Stanley Paul Chambers, 58, hopes to boost profits of far-flung Imperial Chemical Industries by research, ready I.C.I. for Common Market.



FRENCH AUTOMAKER Pierre Dreyfus, 54, hard-driving administrator, has built state-owned Renault into France's biggest exporter.

BELGIAN BANKER Max Nokin, 54, is shifting Société Générale de Belgique's huge investments from Congo to Common Market.

rector of Italy's biggest textile firm, daringly steered his family-owned company into ready-to-wear clothes despite warnings that he was bound to fail, has succeeded so grandly that he now oversees a thriving chain of 20 inexpensive-clothing stores throughout Italy.

Der Amerikaner. Along with Marzotto, many a European firm that is still family dominated has changed its ways to get ahead. Though his uncle founded the company, Frits Philips, president of The Netherlands' giant (1961 sales: \$1.4 billion) Philips Lamp, is proud that members of his family now own less than 1% of the stock. "If the stockholders decide I am doing a bad job," says Philips, "I go." And in Germany, where hired managers have traditionally been regarded with distrust, Steel Scion Alfred Krupp has given unprecedented authority to his general manager, Berthold Beitz. Among old-line Krupp executives, Beitz's breezy manner has won him the not entirely complimentary nickname *der Amerikaner*, but he has succeeded in diversifying the company from purely heavy industry into trading and construction.

Like Beitz, many of Europe's new business leaders on the surface increasingly resemble their U.S. counterparts. But important differences will always remain—if for no other reason than that so much of European business is nationalized. Contrary to what most Americans might expect, some of Europe's ablest managers are civil servants who drive to expand their industrial empires with a zeal worthy of any capitalist. Says Civil Servant Pierre Dreyfus, who has built France's state-owned Renault company into one of the world's most efficient auto producers: "We have no reason to be nationalized unless we serve France—but on one condition: we must not lose money."

Expanding Horizons. For all of Europe's managers the Common Market has rolled back horizons. A Ruhr industrialist, who a few years ago entertained foreigners only on formal occasions, now thinks nothing of inviting a clutch of executives from other Common Market nations to drop by for cocktails. West German Electrical Magnate Ernst von Siemens lately declares that any executive who hopes to rise in his company must first cut the mustard in a Siemens branch abroad. Belgium's Nokin is particularly proud of presiding over the first truly "European" steel company: the big (1.1 million ton capacity) Sidmar mill that the Société Générale plans to build in conjunction with French, Dutch, Italian and Luxembourg investors.

Shared markets have also led European manufacturers to move closer to one another in product styling. Since Genoa Industrialist Enrico Piaggio sent his Vespa motor scooters swarming through Europe as the first postwar apostles of the Italian look, Italy has become firmly established as the fountainhead of European design. Britain's Cloré, whose multitudinous holdings include a corner on 22% of the British shoe market, makes periodic Italian tours to keep up with the

latest in footwear; British Motor Corp.'s Harriman turned to Italian Stylist Pinin Farina to design autos that would sell better on the Continent. Harriman has also tailored his autos to continental tastes in less visible ways, e.g., learning that Germans like slow-revving engines, he heightened the gear ratios on the cars that he sent to Germany. Result: though B.M.C. must buck steep tariff walls so long as Britain is not a member of the Common Market, its exports to the Continent are running twice as high as they were a year ago, now exceed its sales to the U.S.

How Big? For some of Europe's business leaders, the bigness of the Common Market offers welcome protective coloration. Most relieved of all is Max Nokin, whose Société Générale, a combination holding company and investment bank, is estimated to control 10% or more of Bel-

gium's economic life. Cries Nokin: "Let us quickly become sixth or eighth in the Common Market rather than first in Belgium."



PERRIN-THOMS



RADIO RENTALS OFFICE IN LONDON

Even the repairman is a snappy performer.

gium's economic life. Cries Nokin: "Let us quickly become sixth or eighth in the Common Market rather than first in Belgium."

In most cases, however, the vast size of the Common Market simply spurs Europe's managers to seek greater growth. It was largely to brace Britain's already giant Imperial Chemical Industries against prospective Common Market competition that I.C.I. Chairman Stanley Paul Chambers launched his ill-fated attempt late last year to take over Courtaulds, Britain's biggest synthetic-fiber maker (TIME Jan. 26 et seq.). On the same grounds, France's Saint-Gobain, Europe's biggest glass manufacturer and a burgeoning chemical maker, recently set up a joint market venture with Pechiney, another French chemical outfit. "We would probably have merged some day anyhow," says Saint-Gobain President Count Arnaud de Vogüé, "but the Common Market made us do it faster."

Not all of Europe's big businessmen are totally reconciled to the notion of all-out competition. Belgium's Nokin and The Netherlands' Philips are both clearly worried lest the Common Market Executive in Brussels cracks down too harshly on pricing agreements among European manufacturers. But unlike some politicians within the Six, the European business community is almost unanimous in

favors Britain's prompt admittance to the Common Market. And if, as most of the businessmen ardently desire, the economic unity of the Common Market ultimately leads to political unity, Europe's business leaders will be able to boast with justice that they have contributed mightily to creating a climate in which the centuries-old rivalries of the Continent could be submerged in a new community of interest.

BRITAIN

TV for Rent

When he reads reports of such television advances as ultra high frequency and improved color telecasts, the average U.S. householder is less likely to glow with enthusiasm than he is to blanch at the prospect of buying a costlier new set. Not so in Britain, where more and more families now rent their TV sets. Of the 12 million television sets operating in Britain, half are rented. Of new sets installed, 80% are now rented, compared with 10% a dozen years ago.

A Matter of Equity. The British believe that rented television has notable advantages, even for those who could well afford to buy. Rental companies carry a wide variety of sets (one firm offers a choice of 32 new models at rentals ranging from \$4.20 to \$8.40 a month and 17 used models at even lower rates). The monthly rent that a "subscriber" pays is reduced every six months for the first few years that he continues to keep a set, and discounts are given for advance payment. Best of all, subscribers have no difficulty getting faulty sets repaired or replaced at no charge. The larger rental companies maintain mobile repair vans with parts, test benches and generators; one firm handles 30,000 service calls a week. Says a satisfied London renter: "By the time you've finished buying a set on hire-purchase,* it isn't worth anything anyway. You have no equity. What's the sense of it?"

With so many Englishmen eager to rent, more than a hundred companies have gone into television rentals. But because sets turn no profit until they have

* British for the installment plan

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Big check

The other day BUSINESS WEEK's subscription department received a bank check from Australia which surely must be one of the largest on record. At least in terms of paper size. It measured a whopping 5" x 9 1/4" and was made out for \$50 to cover a three-year subscription to BUSINESS WEEK. They must do things on a grand scale "Down Under"—or perhaps one BUSINESS WEEK reader wanted to make sure our sight was as good as our insight.

Almost 4,000 of our management subscribers live and work overseas. The magazine reaches them in some cases from 3 to 5 weeks after issue date. We find it gratifying that they consider BUSINESS WEEK important enough to them—even when so delayed—to spend from \$20 up for a year's subscription. They tell us BUSINESS WEEK is the publication they look to for consistent global coverage of business news, views and trends—the publication they feel is addressed to management problems the world over. They share the view of 385,000 subscribers in the U.S. (at \$7 a year) who feel that BUSINESS WEEK's editorial and advertising pages are as useful as they are informative.

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been rented for at least a year, large capital is required and 90% of the business is handled by six big firms. Largest of all is the pioneer in the field, Radio Rentals Ltd. Founded 32 years ago by Chairman Percy Perring-Thoms as a one-shop operation renting radios for 35¢ a week, Radio Rentals expanded into television just before World War II. Today the company has 750,000 subscribers and 310 sales offices, manufactures all its own rental sets through a subsidiary called Baird Television Ltd. With profits last year of \$4,612,000, Radio Rentals is about to become even bigger by absorbing (for \$4,200,000) E. D. Dawes Co., a smaller rental company with 60 outlets in the north of England.

Reverse Flow. Because British business has borrowed so many sales techniques from the U.S., most Britons take it for granted that TV rentals are also widespread in this country. "You mean you don't have it in America?" said one astonished Englishwoman. "I assumed we'd got it from you." In fact, out of 56 million U.S. TV sets, scarcely 500,000 are rented, and these are mostly in hotels and motels. But the idea is budding: Hertz started renting home sets in New York last December, reports triple the volume that it originally anticipated.

COMMODITIES

Shine on Silver

At quarter past noon every working day, half a dozen agents from London's three big bullion dealers meet in the teak-paneled board room of Sharps, Pixley & Co., for a gentlemanly haggle that sets the price of silver in Britain—and much of the rest of the world. Last week every one of the agents was saying the same: "I'm a buyer—not a seller." With that, the price of silver hit a 42-year record of \$1.14 per oz. in London, also advanced to \$1.11 in New York City, which is the world's other major market.

Behind silver's spectacular rise lay two major causes. Demand for silver now exceeds new supply largely because of the rapid expansion of industrial uses for the metal in electronics, aerospace and photography (for film emulsions). Last year the free world consumed 351 million oz., but new production was only 211 million oz. On top of this, the U.S. Government last fall stopped its longtime practice of selling silver from its stockpile at 91¢ per oz. Back in 1946, the U.S. had set the price at 91¢ to support silver, but the heavy demand of recent years had turned the floor into a ceiling, and so the U.S. scrapped it.

Where prices go next depends largely upon Mexico, which last year produced one-fifth of the free world's new supply of silver and is also a big hoarder of the metal. Last week the Mexicans acting to hold the price at \$1.13, were cautiously selling from their reserves. They were fearful that if the price went much higher, Red China might start dumping its reputedly large hoard and thereby crack the market.



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memories are made of—
so often include
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E. E. Cummings: Poet of the Heart

Edward Estlin Cummings' father, a Congregational minister, shocked his staid parishioners in Boston's Old South Church one Sunday by crying from the pulpit: "The Kingdom of Heaven is no spiritual roof garden: it's inside you!"

Poet E. E. Cummings, who died last week in New Hampshire at 67, spent a lifetime saying much the same thing. His tools were secular, but he practiced a religion nonetheless. It was the romantic individualist's religion of the heart, in which love is not an emotion but a deity. Its creed was faith in the miracle of man's individuality, his capacity for delight in beauty, in spring, in flowers, in girls. Its galaxy of devils, which grew as Cummings observed the modern world ("a hoax of clocks and calendars"), included dry intellects, science, mass thought, security worship, Sigmund Freud—everything inside man or outside him that tends to limit his individualism, to reduce his sense of wonder. The opposition was total:

*along the brittle treacherous bright
streets
of memory comes my heart, singing like
an idiot, whispering like a drunken man*

*who (at a certain corner, suddenly) meets
the tall policeman of my mind.*

Or, in more succinct Cummingsese: "Not for philosophy does this rose give a damn."

For Cummings, the rose—and indeed the whole world—was a cause of wonder, and the words that he poured out in anger or tribute trace his lyrical journey through its mysteries. After his death, poets and critics were quick to speak of him as "the greatest innovator in modern poetry," as a man who perfected "the idiom of American common speech." Some placed him beside Thoreau and Whitman in "the pantheon of American letters." Cummings would have disliked the portentous phrase. He was not the sort of artist who can easily be put in any re-sounding literary hierarchy.

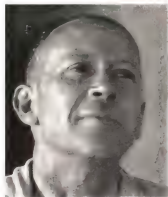
He was popular—next to Robert Frost, by far the most popular contemporary U.S. poet. He won prizes, including the 1957 Bollingen, America's highest award for poetry. He was delightfully unpredictable. There was Cummings the crazy syntactical iconoclast who rarely used capital letters and recklessly (often unintelligibly) strewn syllables, commas and other gimcracks around the page. On the next page, though, he would turn up as a solemn, sonnet-writing traditionalist—or as Cummings the dreadful punster ("honey swRkey mollypants"), or the pseudo pornographer happily smirking from the decks of his ship, the S.S. *Ian Merdo*: "May i feel said he (i'll squeal said she . . .)."

At his best, he was capable of turning out this:

*since feeling is first
who pays any attention
to the syntax of things:
will never wholly kiss you;*

*wholly to be a fool
while Spring is in the world
my blood approves,
and kisses are a better fate
than wisdom . . . then
laugh, leaning back in my arms
for life's not a paragraph
And death i think is no parenthesis*

Cummings' heart-for-heart's-sake views were, and are, intellectually unfashionable—not to mention untenable—in today's world. Modern poets usually come armed with shields of sinewy realism or are modestly cloaked in intellectual complexity.



Critics, therefore, could and did point out that Cummings was an outrageously simple-minded fellow and an anachronism—a misplaced Victorian romantic still running around a hundred years after the battle with science has been lost, shouting "They murder to dissect."

Yet in this, as in much else during his lifetime, it was hard to dispose of E. E. Cummings easily—or, for that matter, to impress him with the modern world's displeasure. If he was limited as a thinker, Cummings nevertheless spoke in an astonishing range of poetic tones of voice and mastered a wild variety of poetic rhythms—lines that crept, leaped, staggered, paced proudly, turned on a dime, flowed smoothly as a prayer. More than any other poet of his time, he dressed up the few ideas he had in all sorts of outrageous and engaging costumes, cheerfully presenting them again and again:

*may my heart always be open to little
birds who are the secrets of living
whatever they sing is better than to
know
and if men should not hear them men
are old*

*may my mind stroll about hungry
and fearless and thirsty and supple
and even if it's sunday may i be wrong
for whenever men are right they are not
young*

Cummings came by his combined role as archromantic and Peck's bad boy of

modern poetry naturally enough. Boyhood in Cambridge and Harvard (15) gave him a New England intellectual's self-assurance and the Thoreauesque tradition of rebellious individualism. Just as Cummings began writing verse, Ezra Pound and the Imagists had turned old poetic practice upside down. Cummings was quick to follow them in tossing out high-flown poetic rhetoric and shucking off the straitjacket of traditional verse forms. Above all, the Imagist doctrine of quick impact was made for Cummings. Explaining his own techniques, he said: "I can express it in 15 words, by quoting The Eternal Question and Immortal Answer of Burlesk, viz.: 'Would you hit a woman with a baby?—No. I'd hit her with a brick.'"

Beyond his more bizarre typographical whizzbangs Cummings lobbed most bricks at the enemies of individuality—what he called "socalled" humanity, "socalled" civilization, and everything commercial in America. Sample lines: "From every B.V.D. let freedom ring," and "a salesman is an it that stinks." Of statues in parks to commemorate wars, Cummings wrote:

*quote citizens unquote might otherwise
forget (to err is human; to forgive
divine) that if the quote state unquote
says*

"kill" killing is an act of Christian love.

Brick-throwing is a young man's work. Cummings wrote for nearly 40 years: eleven volumes of verse, two verse plays and two prose books, including *The Enormous Room*, ex-World War I Ambulance Driver Cummings' precise account of prison camp life. Through most of all this, he continued to sound like a young poet alternately angry or moon-struck. It was an enormous limitation, and it made it easy to enumerate what he lacked that such poets as Frost and Eliot and Pound abundantly had. But it also led to Cummings' unique satirical and lyrical achievement, which caused Critic Allen Tate last week to declare that Cummings "had no superiors in his generation":

*This is the garden. Time shall surely
reap,*

*and on Death's blade lie many a flower
curled,
in other lands where other songs be
sung;*

*yet stand They here enraptured, as
among
the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep
some silver-fingered fountain steals the
world.*

In the long run it is no easier to compare poets with poets than it is to compare peaches with blueberries. The epitaph that Cummings probably would have liked best had nothing to do with the critical ranking of poets. It was spoken by Fellow Poet Archibald MacLeish: "There are very few people who deserve the word poet. Cummings was one of them."

WHAT HARVARD DISCOVERED ABOUT YOUNG MOTHERS

Two years ago, after publishing an article titled "Why Young Mothers Feel Trapped," Redbook Magazine asked its readers to write about their own thoughts and experiences. Since then more than 25,000 busy young women have submitted manuscripts of 1,000 words or more for publication.

The Harvard School of Public Health, long interested in how people cope with crises, sensed a gold mine of material in this series. With the authors' permission, 800 manuscripts were released to Harvard for professional study and evaluation.

The results of the Harvard study have just been published in a report, "Crises of Young Mothers." A brief summary of what the researchers discovered about young American women under pressure can be found on page 4 of the September issue of Redbook. And in the same issue there is a

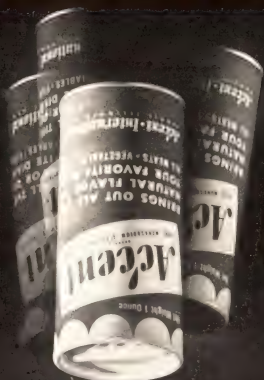
fuller report by Redbook's editors under the title of "I Don't Feel Trapped Any More."

Commenting on the manuscripts submitted to Redbook, the Harvard researchers observed: "We got the impression that in many cases, writing in to Redbook Magazine filled a need...over and above the desire to win \$500 and publication. These purposes seemed to be of two kinds: a desire to seek a response from others; a desire to seek relief from feelings left over from the crisis itself."

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CINEMA

Femmes Fatales

Cleo from 5 to 7, acclaimed in France as "the most beautiful film ever made about Paris," is a curiously, spuriously brilliant attempt to contemporize the legend of Death and the Maiden.

Directed by Agnès Varda, a 34-year-old photographer whose first film (*La Pointe Courte*) established her as "the Founding Mother of the new French cinema," *Cleo* tells the story of 90 moribund minutes in the life of a featherbrained Parisian canary (Corinne Marchand) who has just begun to peck the plum of show-business success. As the story starts, the singer is nervously herself to ask a doctor whether or not she has a cancer. Pale with dread, she visits a fortuneteller first and asks the old crone what is in the cards for her. Death is in the cards for her, and the fortuneteller cannot quite conceal the fatal fact.

For the next 87 minutes, without waiting for the doctor to confirm or deny the prediction, the poor little canary flutters in terror through the streets of Paris, pursued by the big black cat of Death. She flutters past a market, where carcasses of cattle hang from brutal hooks and the butchers inspect her expertly, as though she were a carcass too. She flutters to her manager (Dominique Davray), a hard-faced businessman who comforts her meticulously but unemotionally, as though smoothing a soo-franc note. She flies back to her gilded cage in time to preen and twitter for the man who keeps her for the same reasons he keeps a second car: convenience and ostentation. Her songwriters arrive, and the canary mechanically warbles a few love songs she has sung a hundred times before without a pulse of feeling; but suddenly now they crush her heart and she flies into the street again. Death is everywhere: in the broadcasts from Algeria, in the movie she drops in on, in the jaws of the street-corner showman who cheerily passes the bat as he swallows frogs alive.

So far so good. The cinematography (Jean Rabier) is imaginative, if sometimes cute. The quality of street life in Paris is fetchingly evoked. And the fact of death in the midst of life is realized with horrible power in the image of the filthy cancer hidden in the glowing girl. But the film intends to show more than this. It intends to show a *crise de l'âme*, "a profound transformation of the being." It doesn't. For one thing, Actress Marchand's face is no more capable of transformation than a kewpie doll's. For another, Director Varda suddenly twists the heroine's harm into a happy ending which sentimentally suggests that every shroud has a silver lining.

Tales of Paris. Some things a girl just can't admit. Not in Paris. Not when she's 18, and the best years of her life are almost over. So Sophie (Catherine Deneuve) gulps and announces with a supe-



MARCHAND & DAVRAY IN "CLEO"
Some shrouds have a silver lining.

rior smirk: "Of course I have a lover." He's terribly passionate. He makes me undress in the car, right in the middle of town, with the chauffeur sitting up front."

The other girls grin. "Really? And where do you meet?"

"Oh," says Sophie grandly, "he's taken a flat for us."

The enemy closes in. "Ha! You expect us to believe that? What's the address?"

Sophie is superb. "Number Six, Place Violet," she announces with a shrug.



DENEUVE IN "TALES"
Some things a girl can't admit.

That night two spies creep up to No. 6 and wait to see if Sophie shows. She shows, walks casually through the lobby, starts up the stairs. The spies come creeping after. On the top floor Sophie knocks at a door. It opens. "Ah, mon amour!" she cries in a carrying voice, leaps into her best girl friend's bedroom and slams the door. The spies creep up and listen.

"Ah, mon amour!" croaks Sophie's friend, doing her best to talk like a man. "Eeeeee!" squeals Sophie. "You're tearing my dress!"

Then both girls jump up and down on the bed until the spies, overwhelmed with evidence, stare at each other in horror and delight and creep away home to dream.

And what happens then? Something silly and touching. Something that ends the story—which was written by Roger Vadim and directed by Marc Allegret—almost as amusingly as it begins. A pity that the three other *Tales* in this amorous anthology are nothing like as good.

Black & White in Britain

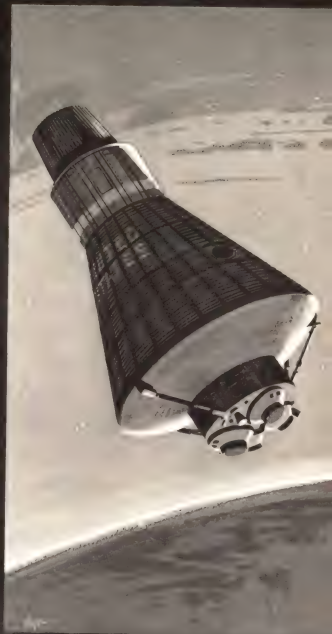
Flame in the Streets. "Jacko, you've got more principles than a monkey's got fleas." That's what the factory owner says, and any mug at the bench would say the same of Jacko Palmer (John Mills). He's the best man in the shop, bar none. He's a hard worker, a faithful husband, a devoted father and a loyal subject of the Queen. But first, last and always Jacko is a union man: first at every meeting and the last to go, president of the shop council since the year dot. What's right for the union is right for Jacko, and what's wrong for the union he fights till he sweats till his hat floats.

Race prejudice, in Jacko's opinion, is wrong for the union, a democratic organization in which the color of a man's skin counts no more than the color of his socks, as long as his dues are paid. So one night when some chaps stand up and start blithering about the "bloody spades," old Jacko sees red, and before they can pull their ears in he's giving them what for in five sharps and never mind the broken windows. Jolly good show. But is it anything more than a show? How deep are Jacko's principles rooted? Before the hot words are cool on his tongue, destiny asks him the trite but inevitable and possibly decisive question: Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?

Jacko's answer is apparently intended to represent the answer of the average working-class Englishman: "Lord knows I wish she wouldn't. But if the poor dear is all that set on ruining her life, I don't see how I can stop her. As I see it, we shall all have to button up and take the bitter with the better." The answer, though skillfully expounded by Actor Mills, is less than illuminating, and the film, as a discussion of the race problem in Britain, is less than memorable. But it is sincere and careful, and it usefully reminds a many-colored humanity that the cause and cure of the race complex is everywhere the same. Fear alone builds barriers between men, and love alone can cast out fear.

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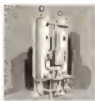
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BOOKS

Lions & Cubs

THE THIN RED LINE (495 pp.)—James Jones—Scribners (\$5.95).

BIG SUR (241 pp.)—Jack Kerouac—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$4.50).

America's once promising crop of young postwar writers has so far shown no knack at all for growing old great-fully. Critics, casting about for the causes of failed promise, justly note a complex of external factors: the loss of old, stable values once held in common between readers and writer; the absence of a society sufficiently

a dirty deal. But as a writer, at least in *Eternity*, he had rare story-telling power. Prizes (the 1952 National Book Award) and plenty of cash (mainly from Hollywood) gave Jones a mobility he might have used to grow beyond his army themes. Unhappily his latest book, *The Thin Red Line*, like those preceding it, has not reached out to new subjects or ideas. Instead, it turns back again to the army—still, apparently, the only world Jones knows—to document the complete experience of his infantry company in the U.S. battle for Guadalcanal in 1942.

Ex-Private Jones's long, hard-written effort to be the Marcel Proust of C-for-Charlie Company's baptism of fire is not without virtues. His narrative of the company's action switches focus from soldier to soldier, skillfully managing to re-create a steadily developing, complex assault on a pair of Japanese-held hills. Without seeming to interrupt, it examines each individual's reactions to his own private world of pride and fear. But much of what Jones tells of the men—their need to prove their manhood, the revival-meeting frenzy that carries them forward, the nearly insane numbness that battle finally brings them—has been touched on often before.

Locked into his peculiarly American narrative style (it might well be called "feces on the barroom floor realism"), Jones ends by piling grisly detail upon grisly detail without being wise or eloquent enough to give the accumulation shape or meaning. He exposes nothing even vaguely profound about the company's inner experience, and most of the time seems hardly more articulate about emotions than the poor numbered soldiers whose traumatic anguish he once shared.

Perpetual Movie. No stacked-deck determinist, Jack Kerouac has been a happily adoring pantheist who regards the world and man as set and characters in a perpetual movie that God, a heavenly Darryl F. Zanuck, enjoys making and watching. Nobody was planning to give Kerouac the Nobel Prize for *On the Road*, *The Dharma Bums* or the string of other books about himself (under the fictional name Jack Duluoz) that cheerfully celebrate the joys of hed, bumming and Zen Buddhism. But he had a rollicking, coin-as-you-go poetic style that re-created a direct, personal, uniquely American experience. He seemed secure as a perpetual adolescent—free of thought, full of feeling, blessedly zooming back and forth across the country.

Alas, a cruel thought has intruded upon Kerouac's world. Though he has managed to write a book about this fell experience, it is clear that things will never be the same again—like those pathetic five high school kids," he explains, "who came to my door one night wearing jackets that said 'Dharma Bums' on them, all expecting me to be 25 years old . . . and here I am old enough to be their father."

What can a beat do when he is too old

to go on the road? He can go on the sauce. In *Big Sur* Jack does. But swilling bourbon and ginger ale doesn't seem to help. As a last straw, Jack makes it down to a lonely cabin on Big Sur, the scenic headland below Monterey where Ur-Beat Henry Miller has found his haven. He commutes with nature; a bug he tenderly rescues from drowning, an old mule who looks at him with "Garden-of-Eden eyes."

Eatless Days. Soon he is off again, back to five eatless days on the sauce, back to his San Francisco pals, back to a skinny but accommodating fashion model. "I want us to get married," she urges him "and settle down to a sensible understanding about eternal things." But the King of the Beats is not fooled. "I see it all



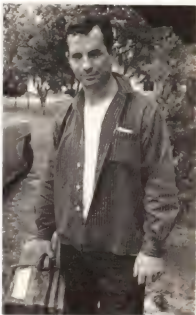
JAMES JONES

A deck inscrutably stacked.

established to provide the potential novelist with a rich background of mores and customs for his characters. But much of the trouble is internal. So few younger novelists age well these days because so many of them have difficulty in growing up at all.

No sadder cases in point can be cited than James (*From Here to Eternity*) Jones and Jack (*On the Road*) Kerouac. Each was once hailed, with a certain justice, as a literary lion cub whose full-throated roar might one day echo through the sparse jungle of contemporary U.S. fiction. Yet today, four books and some 2,700 pages later, James Jones, at 42, looks more and more like a one-shot author. And irrepressible Jack Kerouac, 40, twelve volumes and some 2,200 pages from his first success, seems a confirmed one-ven literary minor.

Dirty Deal. Philosophically, Jones has always been that most tiresome of fellows—a proudly ignorant cynic who is convinced that the inscrutably stacked deck of the universe will always produce



JACK KEROUAC

A bug rescued from drowning.

raving before me," he mumbles, "the endless yakking kitchen mouthings of life, the long dark grave of tombs talks under midnight kitchen bulbs." In the end he settles for a howling emotional crisis—which on a grown-up would look very much like the DTs.

A child's first touch of cold mortality—even when it occurs in a man of 41—may seem ridiculous, and is certainly pathetic. In Kerouac's case, though, there may be compensations. Think of the books, man, a whole new series: *The Dharma Bums Grow Up*, *The Dharma Bums on Wall Street*, *Who Knows*, maybe even *The Dharma Bums in the White House*!

Woman on a Ledge

THE SHATTERED GLASS (337 pp.)—Jean Ariss—Knopf (\$4.95).

Her mood was that of a woman on a window ledge deciding whether or not to jump. She had just lost her only son through a fatal illness; her marriage was on the rocks, and her husband had grate-



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Columbus, O.
Columbus, O.
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Mobile, Ala.
Montgomery, Ala.
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Natchez, Miss.
New York, N.Y.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rockford, Ill.
St. Louis, Mo.
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Washington, D.C.
Washington, D.C.
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Albert Pick Motel
Albert Pick Motel
Albert Pick Motel
Pick-Rosewell
Pick-Rosewell
Albert Pick Motel
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Pick-Rosewell
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fully fled to a new job in another state.

When she met the new man, he appeared as a rescuer. Slow-spoken, with "a crooked, diffident smile" and an endless supply of incredible stories, he snapped her out of her navel-staring apathy. A brilliant architect, he claimed to be trapped by an indifferent wife, a hostile mother and a satanic father—a millionaire who made his own laws and found pleasure in destroying whatever his son created. Unlikely as these stories seemed, each one that the woman investigated invariably checked out. All of her dammed up passion and maternity were placed at the man's service. Her resources of love, she thought, were as vast as the ocean. But she had never before met anyone like the man; his need was as deep as the pit of hell, and as terrible.

This second novel by Author Jean (*The Quick Years*) Ariss, 47, a Californian with an artist-husband and five children, is flawed by her refusal to give proper names to her leading characters. As in a morality play, they are labeled the man, the woman, the father. Another seeming handicap is that the man proves to be a confirmed alcoholic who re-enacts the *Lost Weekend* gamut from DTs to strait jackets to the shameless cagging of money and sympathy.

But the novel triumphs because it is a beautifully rendered love story and not a tract on alcoholism. More important than the man's falls from the wagon are his stubborn returns to sobriety and his fierce determination to be worthy of the woman and himself. He fails ultimately, going down again and again before the woman finally gives up her futile attempts at rescue. But only hope has faded; love has not. "He's like a child," she thinks at the end, watching the deterioration of his mind and body. But she adds: "If you have a child whose brain isn't developing properly, you don't turn against him, [or] love him less."

Incongruous Crusoe

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. (520 pp.)—Edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett—McGraw-Hill (\$10).

Boswell's matchless life of Dr. Johnson made rather small potatoes of their engaging tour together through the Hebrides. But the tour was unforgettable in many ways—and this eighth volume of Yale University's edition of Boswell's papers lets the reader count the ways. It pictures Johnson—the most ungainly of oldsters, the most nearsighted of onlookers, the most sedentary of talkers, the most fanatical of Londoners—perched atop tiny horses, half-drowned in pitching vessels, sleeping in chilly barns and clamoring over rocks in remote Scottish islands. And by the side of this most incongruous of Crusoes trudges the most inspired of Man Fridays.

Published in 1785, Boswell's *Tour* proved a sort of tryout for the *Life* that appeared six years later. But the published *Tour* varied considerably from the



JOHNSON'S SPIRIT EXHORTING BOSWELL Enough to frighten a ghost.

actual journal that Boswell kept, most of which turned up a generation ago in a croquet box at an Irish castle. First brought out in 1936, the journal is now reprinted with much supplementary material drawn from documents that have since come to light. Densely annotated, the present volume is as formidable as Johnson, but much of it, freed of footnotes, is also as chatty as only Boswell could be.

Endless Gibes. The *Tour* has a double value to the very degree that Boswell had a double aim in writing it. His first concern was his hero, and only his second the Hebrides. The two objectives sometimes gloriously combine, but they can just as gloriously clash. Scotland was always for Johnson a pet target that he waggishly exploited as a pet aversion; it produced endless gibes on tour as well as at home. When Johnson was shown a Scottish forest, he remarked that he would have called it a heath. As for Scottish scenery: "The noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to London." But he could poke fun at himself as well; asked if he would not start if he saw a ghost, he answered, "I hope not. If I did, I should frighten the ghost."

But if the tour aroused Johnson's antic side, it aroused his antiquarian side even more. On the islands—Raasay and Skye and Mull—there were still feudal forms of life, clans and chieftains. Macdonalds and MacLeods and Macleans. There were ruins and grottoes, homely customs, and high ritualized hospitality. Johnson perambulated, gazed and pontificated. He could also be playful as well as sententious. When a young bride sat on his knee and hugged and kissed him, the 64-year-old lexicographer said: "Do it again and let us see who will tire first."

Rowers & Reapers. As against his unsurpassable ear for talk, Boswell's eye for travel was merely superior. He had a feeling for the picturesque; the boatmen singing as they crossed to Raasay and,



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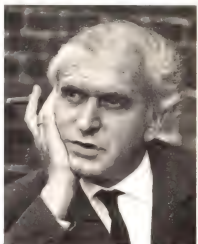
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as we came to shore, the music of rowers was succeeded by that of reapers." He recorded traditions: whenever the head of the MacLeods or the Macdonalds died, his sword was given to the head of the other clan. But what haunted the islands like a ghost was nothing ancient: it was the hiding out there, 28 years before, of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender. Many who had risked their lives for him had tales to tell, such as Malcolm MacLeod's: "I went to London to be hanged and came [back] down in a chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald. That young girl, immortalized for helping the Prince escape, became the travelers' hostess—"a little woman" of 21 married to a Macdonald kinsman and about to emigrate to North Carolina. She gave Dr. Johnson the same bed that the Prince had slept in. It inspired in him the announced afterwards, no "ambitious thoughts."



HANS KEILSON
The elks needed the wolves.

Anatomy of Hatred

THE DEATH OF THE ADVERSARY (208 pp.)—Hans Keilson—Orion (\$3.95).

Since Adolf Hitler in outpouring of writing has tried to explain the violence that human beings do to one another, nagging questions persist: Why did so many acquiesce in Hitler's evil? Why did so many Jews go quietly to their deaths when they had a good chance of resisting? Fiction rather than scholarship has supplied the shrewder answers. Perhaps the profoundest explanation to date comes from the pen of a Jewish writer driven from Germany in 1936 and now living in Holland. Hans Keilson's novel subtly and eloquently probes the ambivalent relation of victim with aggressor.

Keilson traces the growth of hatred in his leading character, a Jewish writer (1904), love or self-knowledge. When a small child, the nameless hero gets his first inkling that he has an enemy. In hushed voices, his parents discuss a party leader called B., a thinly disguised Hitler who is rising to power by attacking a minority.

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The boy, a member of the minority, feels the force of his enemy at school when his classmates shun him. His mother's love is powerless to help, his father is resigned. But a fable he is told gives him insight into his enemy. It tells of Germany's Kaiser, who was presented with some elk by the Czar of Russia and tried to duplicate their natural habitat. But they all died, because they missed the stimulation of the wolves who had preyed on them.

Initial Obsession. Keilson's hero comes to believe that he, like the elk, must have an adversary for his own good. When he first hears one of B.'s fanatical speeches, he is enthralled by the depth of his hatred: "No lover can talk more possessively of the object of his love than he did of me, even though he was cursing me. Surely, he was obsessed by me." The hero is convinced that B. needs him as much as he needs B.: "He was as uncertain and wavering as myself. Grippled by the fear of being a stranger to himself, he has raised up an adversary, me, and has painted my image on the wall, as the old painters painted their icons with sweating hands when their demon took possession of them."

With such sympathy for his adversary, the hero is powerless to act against him. Though accused of cowardice, he refuses to join his fellow victims in resistance. He dreams of eventual reconciliation with his adversary: "Jubilant, all, all, without distinction, friends and enemies." But when B. seizes power, such illusions are shattered. B.'s hatred turns out to be barren and implacable, his cruelty an end in itself. "Even hatred cannot exist without a drop of love," the hero muses, "or it is no longer hatred but a cold devastation, a heavy mist across the fields that blots out every path: unachieved creation." Now that the bond of enmity has snapped, he is at last willing to fight.

What distinguishes Keilson from other writers on the Nazi era is his uncanny understanding of the persecutor as well as the persecuted. He realizes that the terrorist is vulnerable as well as brutal. He tenderly describes a nocturnal raid on a minority cemetery by young party recruits: their initiation into Nazi-type brutality. Scared and disgusted, one starts to stutter, another has an attack of diarrhea, a third gouges his eye. An orphan, reminded of his parents' grave, tears up the cemetery more ferociously than anyone else. "as though he wanted to scratch the buried bones out of the ground."

Keilson's novel is, at least in part, autobiographical. Like his hero, Keilson joined the Resistance after years of anguish helped Jews and downed pilots escape from occupied Holland. In 1942 he wrote the first 40 pages of *The Death of the Adversary*, buried them in his garden for the duration of the war. "If ever I came out of this war alive," he vowed. "I knew I was going to be a psychiatrist." Today he is a practicing psychoanalyst in Amsterdam and writes poetry and fiction on the side. "Everybody writes novels about love and/or sex," he says. "My book is about the phenomenon of hate."

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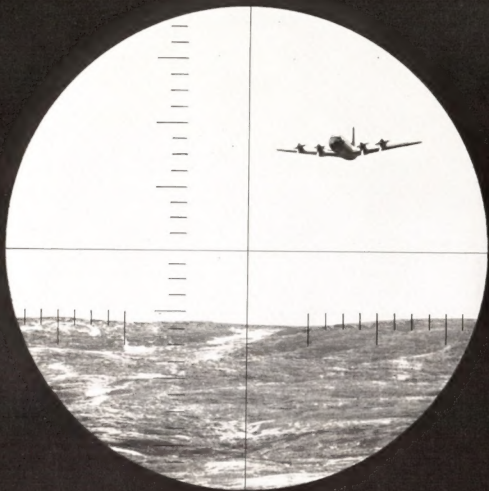
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